The Outlook

JUNE 6, 1914

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A GREAT-HEARTED AMERICAN

The death of Jacob A. Riis was not unexpected, but the friends of a man of such overflowing vitality and energy are never prepared for his death.

Born in Denmark, a student in the Latin school of that place, and intended by his father to be a school-teacher, Jacob Riis became a carpenter instead and came to America, where he began his career in a Pennsylvania coal mine. Later he was at work in a New Jersey brick-yard, sleeping at night in a wagon. One night in New York he slept in a police station and was robbed of the only thing of value he had, a little gold locket. He was, in succession, a carpenter, a lumber-yard hand, a traveling salesman.

In the end Mr. Riis found an opening for his energy in journalism in the city department of the New York "Tribune." He began as a "cub" reporter, and was assigned to do work at police headquarters in Mulberry Street. This was a fortunate appointment; under the pressure of the work of reporting he learned how to write with great directness, simplicity, and vigor, and he became interested in and informed concerning social conditions and acquired material for writing books, speaking, and working to overcome the evil conditions of life in the slums.

He was interested from the start in small parks and playgrounds and in the suppression of the sweat-shop. His own career furnished the material for one of the best text-books that has yet appeared on American life, "The Making of an American" (published serially by The Outlook and, later, in book form by The Macmillan Company). If one wanted to give an open-minded foreigner a clear view of what lies behind the confused efforts and bewildering activities of this continent, so far as Americans control it, he could not do better than to put into his hands Franklin's "Autobiography," Emerson's "Essays," Lincoln's "Speeches," Riis's "The Making of an American," Booker Washington's "Up From Slavery," and Mary Antin's "The Promised Land."

It is safe to say that no man has ever more vitally and faithfully expressed and interpreted the American spirit than Jacob Riis. He was a democrat in the true and noble sense of the word in every fiber of his being, a brother to all men, and especially to the unfortunate.

Jacob Riis's books constitute a small library which no student of social conditions in our time can overlook. "How the Other Half Lives," "The Children of the Poor," "The Battle with the Slums," "Children of the Tenements," indicate by their titles the stuff of life of which they are made; while his account of "Theodore Roosevelt, the Citizen," is a celebration of one of the great friendships of his life, supplemented by Mr. Roosevelt's tribute in this issue of The Outlook. Among his later interests was the promotion of municipal celebrations of Christmas day.

He was always thinking of other people less fortunate than himself. One secret of his power was that he not merely aided, and not merely loved, but also respected the unfortunate. Whenever he helped anybody, he did it as a younger brother might help an older one.

MR. MELLEN AND THE NEW HAVEN ROAD

With the closing of the testimony by Charles S. Mellen before the Inter-State Commerce Commission there began discussion as to the light it threw on the history of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad and the individual responsibility for the plight in which that road found itself at and before the forced resignation of Mr. Mellen as President of the road—a position he had held for

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ten years, the period during which most of the questioned transactions took place.

The Inter-State Commerce Commission's inquiry is still going on, and will continue unless checked by the Attorney-General and President Wilson, who are said, as we write, to question the wisdom of allowing directors of the road to secure immunity from possible criminal prosecution by appearing as witnesses. Many critics regret that Mr. Mellen himself has apparently secured such immunity. He is now under indictment in connection with Grand Trunk Railway dealings charged as violations of law. The present inquiry was ordered by the United States Senate; the evidence is being marshaled and presented by ex-Governor Joseph W. Folk, acting as special attorney for the Commission. Mr. Folk's brilliant prosecution of bribery cases in St. Louis some years ago will be remembered. Until the hearings are complete and the evidence has been sifted and analyzed by the Commission, it would be difficult and unwise to draw final conclusions; but certain facts and points of view may be noted.

In the first place, it should be borne in mind that the past, and not the present, administration of the New Haven road is what is being investigated. Under the new President, Mr. Howard Elliott, honest and able efforts are being made to carry out the dissolution ordered between the road and certain of its acquired properties and to put the road in a sound condition financially and physically. So far as we have seen, those who know the situation best agree as to this.

What happened to the New Haven system that its stock should be so terribly depressed, dividends passed to the injury and often actual suffering of many thousands of small stockholders, and public confidence in its management lost? Vaulting financial ambition, is the reply. There was an attempt to establish a vast railway system in New England; this in itself was not a vicious or ruinous object, but it was too vast to be carried to success, and the methods adopted were extravagant and wrong. Competitors and possible competitors were bought up almost regardless of cost; the Sherman Anti-Trust Law was violated; money was spent underhandedly to influence municipal and political action; not only railways, but steamship lines and trolley lines were acquired almost by wholesale. The result was thus lately summarized by the "Financial Chronicle:" "At the end of ten years of Mr. Mellen's administration the company finds itself off the dividend-paying list, saddled with an immense mass of obligations (some of them of a pressing temporary character), with the outstanding amount of its stock vastly increased, with the Federal Government at its heels, with the different State governments likewise dissatisfied, and with the physical condition of the property none too good."

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

Mr. Mellen's testimony was an avowal of many of the things charged, but a disavowal of personal responsibility. Thus he admits that shares of Westchester Railway stock "were scattered in the hands of people of what you call influence;" that New Haven stock worth $1,200,000 was exchanged for Westchester Electric stock worth "about ten cents a pound;" that the New Haven spent about $35,000,000 for the Westchester road, the annual deficit in operating expenses of which has since been $1,250,000; that $20,000,000 was paid for a Rhode Island trolley system worth, in Mr. Mellen's own opinion, only $8,000,000. Such things as these, as well as the Boston and Maine and other railway combinations, are, we will not say justifiable, but explainable, only on the ground that the controlling power in the New Haven road had the conviction, or the delusion, that the consolidation aimed at had such vast potentialities in it, such a marvelous future before it, that no present expenditure could be extravagant. Securities were inflated; debt was heaped upon debt; the actual and rich carrying business of the New Haven road itself became a minor consideration. Then came the awakening; the acts of the New Haven road came under the scrutiny of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and violations of law were charged; the receipts that should have gone for dividends had disappeared in a financial cloud; a terrible series of fatal accidents led the public to distrust the road's management. What followed we all know. What is to be done is reorganization on a sound, honorable, and lawful basis.

Meanwhile full investigation as to the past must proceed. It is quite probable that criminal prosecution of individuals will be undertaken.

Who is responsible? In a sense every one on the Board of Directors, and especially the President of the road, Mr. Mellen. In the

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view of Mr. Mellen himself, what happened was not a plundering or wrecking of the road, but a perfectly feasible and reasonable though gigantic financial enterprise, which rested on the shoulders of the late J. Pierpont Morgan; the ruin, says Mr. Mellen in effect, came because of Mr. Morgan's illness and death—"I do not think there is any reformation needed except you could bring another such man to the task." Mr. Mellen—a man of extraordinary grasp of detail, clearness of expression, and executive ability—declared that he acted only as Mr. Morgan's hand and mouth piece in many important matters without being able to explain them then or now! This is a pitiable position for the President of a great railway system to assume. No doubt Mr. Morgan was interested in the general colossal scheme for a New England railway empire; but it was not his way to act in the dark. If he put a man in power, he trusted him and trusted him fully. We are not concerned here to divide blame and responsibility; but the past officers and directors of the New Haven road must not expect to shift their own responsibility on the shoulders of the dead. Mr. J. P. Morgan, the son, has issued a statement denying flatly that Mr. Morgan concealed the facts from Mr. Mellen, urging that every bit of evidence be made public, and pointing out that his father was away from the country much of the last three years of his life, that he had many large interests, and not that he would have had time, even if he had had the desire, to interfere actively in the management of the New Haven Railroad.

The lesson that stands out saliently in all this unhappy New Haven story is that the protection of stockholders as well as users of a property lies in publicity and governmental control rather than in mere limitation as to size and extent. Such advance has been made in this direction within the last ten years that it is inconceivable that so wild an expansion of securities based on future hopes should again take place.

We wish to emphasize our belief that the remedy does not lie in a process of breaking up a coherent and useful railway system. Dissolution is not a cure for corporate evils; least of all, the evils incident to the bad management of railway corporations. The remedy is to be found in strong governmental control which will preserve the benefits of serviceable combination and unification and prevent the evils of private monopoly.

THE BECKER VERDICT

For the second time a New York jury has declared Charles Becker guilty of murder in the first degree. It finds that Becker while a police lieutenant deliberately and criminally planned and instigated the death of Herman Rosenthal, the gambler who was threatening to expose Becker's complicity with other New York gamblers. The tools in the murder were the gunmen who fired the shots that killed Rosenthal; the go-betweens and accomplices, Rose, Vallon, and Webber, have saved their lives by turning State's evidence; the arch-guilty murderer, the "man higher up," is again to receive sentence of death.

How slowly the hand of justice moves in criminal cases in New York is shown by a brief recital of dates: Rosenthal was killed on July 16, 1912; Becker was arrested on July 29; his trial began on October 7; he was convicted on October 24; a new trial was granted by the Court of Appeals, sixteen months after the conviction, on February 24, 1914; it took three months to bring him to trial and conviction the second time—in all, a little over twenty-two months elapsed between the crime and the second conviction. And to-day the case stands where it did on October 24, 1912, with another appeal in the course of preparation, and the probability that another year may elapse before a decision is reached.

Could anything illustrate more forcibly the need of such revision of our criminal procedure as will make reasonably prompt action in appeals? In England the limit between conviction and decision as to appeal is four months, and the full time is rarely taken. In New York the record is allowed to run into thousands of pages; desire to give the accused fair play is strained to make the work of the judges of appeal laborious and difficult in the extreme. The Becker case is only one of a long list of cases which prove that the present system is thoroughly unfit to maintain that certainty of prompt justice which is not less important than scrupulous care that the innocent shall not suffer injustice.

Without discussing the testimony in detail, it may be stated that the case of the prosecution was strengthened as compared with the first trial as regards corroboratory evidence to the accomplices' confessions, thus meeting one of the chief arguments which influenced the

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granting of a new trial. The District Attorney has throughout acted with firmness and intelligence, and the two juries which have held the power of decision have done much to clear away the aspersion, so commonly made when Becker was arrested, that it was impossible in New York to convict a police official on any evidence.

MEXICAN PROBLEMS OF PEACE AND WAR

The nearest approach to definite indications of progress on the part of the Mediation Conference at Niagara Falls up to May 27 was the authorized statement made by Justice Lamar, of the American delegation, to the effect that actual details of a plan of pacification were already under discussion; that as to some of these the Conference found itself in substantial agreement, and that even as to others there was no positive disagreement.

Non-official reports describe the general plan which is favored as the establishment, after the withdrawal of General Huerta from his present dictatorship, of some kind of provisional government, either in the nature of a commission or of a provisional president. In either case, the man or men in power would be such as to be acceptable to the mediators and the delegates, and such as might be expected to insure an honest and non-partisan administration while preparation should be made for a national election. Guarantees would be given by the leaders of the faction concerned for such a constitutional and fair election, and perhaps certain supervisory functions would be exercised by the United States and the mediators.

Whether under such a plan it will be possible to exclude General Huerta from the candidacy, whether the Constitutionalists under Carranza and Villa, who now hold a very large part of Mexico, would consent to such an arrangement or would persist in pushing forward their military successes, are evidently questions of grave import and not easy to answer. Nor does it seem easy to see how any large scheme of agrarian reform, which is so essential to the future peace and prosperity in Mexico, can be guaranteed, or how the mediators under the plan above outlined can do anything more than suggest such action to the Mexican Government when once such a government is formed and recognized.

The military situation in the meantime has reached another definite point o progress in the capture of Saltillo. Various plans of campaign were possible, but the most generally accepted is that probably the Constitutionalists will advance south in two divisions, one proceeding directly south from Saltillo to Zacatecas, which is on a railway running directly south from Saltillo, while the other division will proceed directly south from Torreon against San Luis Potosí. Last week large amounts of arms and ammunition were landed by two German vessels at Puerto Mexico for Huerta, without objection from the United States.

Mr. Gregory Mason, The Outlook's staff correspondent in Mexico, has been in company with the Constitutionalist army near Saltillo. His article appearing in this week's Outlook will be followed by others giving a near-at-hand view of the situation. It is now believed that the place at which the Federal forces will make their final and desperate battle, if San Luis Potosí and Zacatecas fall, will be at Querétaro, which is said to be more strongly fortified than either of those cities.

PRESIDENT WILSON AND THE MEXICAN LAND QUESTION

A marked change in the Mexican policy of the Administration was indicated by the President's speech on May 11 at the memorial to the sailors killed at Vera Cruz, and is indicated anew by an interview with President Wilson printed in the "Saturday Evening Post" of May 23.

When the United States battle-ships, under the President's orders, occupied the harbor of Vera Cruz, the evident object of the Administration was to require from the Huerta Government reparation for the arrest of the American sailors and for failure to make amends by means of a salute to the American flag. In asking Congress for authority to use the armed forces of the United States, President Wilson made it clear that what he wanted from General Huerta was "the fullest recognition of the rights and dignity of the United States." When Senator Lodge and others endeavored to secure the adoption of a resolution which would place intervention on broader grounds, the Democratic leaders, under the guidance of the Administration, insisted upon the narrower grounds, namely, "affronts and indignities committed against the United States."

Now, it appears from this interview that

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the Administration has abandoned the narrower grounds, and fully recognizes that the real justification for intervention is the restoration of peace in Mexico through the establishment of just conditions that are the only basis for peace. The following sentences from that interview, which we believe are not altered in meaning by being taken out of their context, make it evident that the President is no longer merely insisting upon a salute. If the original position of the Administration had been adhered to, the mediators now at Niagara Falls, in Canada, would simply be concerned with providing for some form of reparation from the Huerta Government; and if Huerta fell, the necessity for mediation would cease. It is apparent, however, that the task of mediation is something very different; and this interview in the "Saturday Evening Post," which we assume to be authorized by the President, shows that the Administration recognizes the fact. The President is quoted as saying:

> They [that is, "the great owners of property, the overlords, the hidalgos, the men who had exploited that rich country for their own selfish purposes"] want order—the old order; but I say to you that the old order is dead. . . .
>
> The function of being a policeman in Mexico has not appealed to me; nor does it appeal to our people. Our duty is higher than that. If we are to go in there, restore order, and immediately get out, and invite a repetition of conflict similar to that which is in progress now, we had better have remained out. . . .
>
> In any event, we shall deem it our duty to help the Mexican people, and we shall continue until we have satisfactory knowledge that peace has been restored, that a constitutional government is reorganized, and that the way is open for the peaceful reorganization of that harassed country. . . .
>
> Of course it would not do for us to insist on an exact procedure for the partition of the land, for example, for that would set us up in the position of dictators, which we are not and never shall be; but it is not our intention to cease in our friendly offices until we are assured that all these matters are on their way to successful settlement.

We welcome this change in the attitude of the Administration. We wish it were accompanied with strong evidence of a sense of responsibility for the protection of American lives and the lives of foreigners resident in northern Mexico, which is controlled by the Constitutionalists, as well as in the regions controlled by the forces of Huerta. Further comment of the relation of the United States to the land question in Mexico is to be found in an editorial on another page.

WILD WOMEN STILL WILDER

At the end of last week the militant suffragettes carried their campaign methods to greater extremities than ever before. Defeated in their endeavor to present a petition to the King, they organized a carnival of disorder at the end of the week. The war on art resulted in six or seven serious casualties to works of great importance in the National Gallery and in the Academy, with the probable result that women will be largely excluded hereafter.

These hysterical fanatics are succeeding in shutting off from visitors many of the most important resources of civilization in England.

An attempt to blow up the viaduct which carries half of Glasgow's water supply from Loch Katrine was fortunately defeated.

The arraignment of fifty-seven women before a magistrate at Bow Street in London was the occasion for a pandemonium. Bags of flour were hurled at the magistrate, shoes were taken off and thrown at him, and something very like a free fight took place in the court-room amid screams and yells of defiance.

The most daring, and probably the most unwise thing these fanatics have done was to make the attendance of the King and Queen at his Majesty's Theater the occasion for a verbal assault on the King. One woman who shouted "You Russian Czar!" was found to be chained to her seat and could not be ejected until the chain had been cut; meanwhile the virago, for such she may very properly be called, continued to shriek out her imprecations at the King. This demonstration has had an effect which, if the militants had been in their senses, they would have foreseen. It has aroused widespread popular indignation; and the problem of the future is going to be to protect the disturbers from the fury of the mobs.

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst reappeared in the center of twenty women chained together. When this group entered Victoria Park, the gates were closed and the police proceeded to break the padlocks and to bundle Miss Pankhurst into a taxicab and send her to jail. Her followers made a fierce attack on the police with blackjacks and staves and

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pelted them with stones. Perhaps the most disgraceful scene in this extraordinary outbreak of hysteria was in Westminster Abbey, where a screaming and fighting woman who had interrupted the services led a group of militants scattered through the Abbey, all of whom were forcibly ejected.

These attacks on persons who are the symbols of the Empire and on things which represent the wealth of the nation are rapidly developing a feeling of fierce antagonism. Altogether this phase, which will presently pass, is one of the most remarkable in the long history of similar attacks of hysteria which broke out again and again in the Middle Ages. The cat-and-mouse act has evidently failed. The militants are practically lunatics, and may well be treated as such. If it were possible to omit all reference to their actions from the public press, this form of agitation would end as abruptly as it began. This method of silence has been tried before in hysteria, and has worked admirably. Unfortunately it is probably impracticable to put it into effect to-day.

The effect of these wild outbreaks on the suffrage movement must be disastrous. They are filling many thoughtful people with forebodings as to what would happen if this type of hysterical woman were given the larger opportunity which suffrage would afford for political and social disorder.

IRISH HOME RULE

The Irish Home Rule Bill nas passed the British House of Commons for the third time, and by a majority of seventy-seven. It will now go to the King for his signature, no matter what the House of Lords may do.

In 1886 Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, introduced the first Home Rule Bill. It was rejected by the House of Commons. In 1893 he introduced the second Home Rule Bill. It passed the House of Commons and was rejected by the House of Lords.

In 1912 Mr. Asquith, the present Prime Minister, introduced the third Home Rule Bill. This bill has been passed three times by the House of Commons and has been twice rejected by the House of Lords, to which it now goes, and which, by the Act of 1911, has a month for its consideration. At the expiration of that time, the Act provides, a bill passed three times by the Commons may receive royal assent and become law, despite its rejection by the Lords. The Home Rule Bill contains the following provisions:

The creation of a Parliament at Dublin, consisting of a Senate of 40 members and a House of Commons of 164 members.

The Irish Parliament cannot legislate on peace or war, the navy, the army, or any naval or military force; on foreign relations, on trade outside Ireland (except certain defined taxation), on the coinage, or on legal tender.

The Irish Parliament cannot make any law either directly or indirectly establishing or endowing any religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or give preference, privilege, or advantage or impose any disability or disadvantage on account of religious belief or religious or ecclesiastical status, or make any religious belief or religious ceremony a condition of the validity of any marriage.

Temporary restrictions are placed on legislation as to land purchase, old-age pensions, national insurance, labor exchanges, the Royal Irish Constabulary, post-office and other savings banks, and friendly societies.

The Executive remains invested in the British Sovereign or in his representative.

Forty-two members will be sent from Ireland to the British House of Commons. One hundred and three are now sent there.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is to give the final decision as to the constitutional validity of any act of the Irish Parliament.

The Irish Exchequer is to defray the cost of the Irish administration, except for reserved services mentioned in the foregoing.

The Imperial Exchequer is to pay an annual sum to the Irish Exchequer, starting at $2,500,000 and eventually, after six years, becoming a permanent payment of $1,000,000 annually.

THE IRISH HOME RULE AMENDING BILL

The latest feature of the conflict in the British Parliament over Irish Home Rule is a proposition for an "amending" bill. By the new Parliament Act, a bill must pass the House of Commons three times in exactly the same language; the Home Rule Bill just passed could not, therefore, be amended without running the risk of a three years' postponement. Hence the necessity for a separate bill. It may be introduced, indeed, in either House, but, in any event, the Ministry has promised, after the Home Rule Bill becomes law, to introduce an amending or exclusion bill, which shall pave the way for an agreement between the two contending parties. Of course, if the Lords should reject the amending bill, as they have rejected

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the Home Rule Bill, the result would not affect the Home Rule Bill; the Lords would simply have assumed all the responsibility for applying the Home Rule Bill in Ulster!

The Premier withholds the details of the bill; but it is understood that it will be based on his recent offer.

He has conceded the principle of excepting those parts of North Ireland the population of which is, for the most part, opposed to the Home Rule Bill. Mr. Asquith would concede six years to those portions as a waiting period, at the end of which they would presumably come under the operations of the bill, if enacted into law. They, however, are insistent upon a greater concession, and that is the opportunity of voting at the end of six years whether they will or will not come under the operations of the law. They demand permanent exclusion.

It is interesting to note the reception of Mr. Asquith's proposal for an amending bill by the various parties. The Unionists, of course, were pleased, and so were many Liberals. Other Liberals, however, were dissatisfied, contending that the Government's proposed promise of an amending bill is simply an admission that the original bill is defective. This sentiment was, of course, even more strongly felt by the Irish Nationalists. Their leader, Mr. John Redmond, warned the Government that if an agreement can be reached between the two parties he will approve an amending bill for the purpose of making such an agreement effective. On the other hand, if the efforts to bring about a peaceful settlement fail, he will hold himself free to deal with the situation as it demands.

Meanwhile Ireland remains peaceful.

TROUBLES IN ALBANIA

When the European Powers made Albania an independent state, many observers doubted whether it could exist without constant internal conflict. The million and more Albanians are warriors by nature. They have always been accustomed to managing things pretty much for themselves, rarely acting together, but as tribes. Turkey's rule over them has been of the lightest. Taxation, for instance, has been largely unknown.

When Prince William of Wied came to Albania as the ruler authorized by the Powers, tax systems and a compulsory military service were formulated. These were resented by the people. They even threatened the town of Durazzo, where the Prince had established his residence. They had been instigated to this, so it was discovered, by Essad Pasha, Minister of War. Essad was arrested and taken as prisoner upon an Austrian war-ship in the harbor of Durazzo. The Austrian and Italian war-ships landed a force to overawe the rebels and to protect Prince William and his family, who were obliged temporarily to take refuge upon the Italian war-ship.

But this is not the only armed conflict in Albania. Ever since the Powers assigned southern Epirus, formerly Albanian, to Greece, the Greek population of northern Epirus has been discontented, and there has been much fighting with the Albanians.

In his difficulties of government the new ruler of Albania will have general sympathy. Even if he is able to check the present conflicts, he can hardly persuade the rude peoples of a mountain country to bury their local and tribal feuds. Religious differences accentuate these feuds, for the Albanians are either Mohammedans, Greek Catholics, or Roman Catholics. The Prince's position as a Protestant may be really advantageous under these circumstances.

COMMODORE BARRY'S STATUE

President Wilson has just made a characteristically felicitous address at the unveiling of the statue of Commodore John Barry in Washington, which had been erected by means of a Congressional appropriation, supplemented by private subscriptions. The President did not attempt a historical address; he merely drew a few inferences from the significance of an occasion which carries our thoughts back to the Revolution. As the President said, no one can turn to the career of Commodore Barry without feeling a touch of enthusiasm. The President continued:

> What does the United States stand for, then, that our hearts should be stirred by the memory of the men who set her Constitution up? John Barry fought, like every other man in the Revolution, in order that America might be free to make her own life without interruption or disturbance from any other quarter. You can sum the whole thing up in that, that America had a right to her own self-determined life; and what are our corollaries from that? You do not have to go back to stir your thoughts again with the issues of the Revolution. Some of the issues of the Revolution were not the cause of it, but

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merely the occasion for it. There are just as vital things stirring now that concern the existence of the Nation as were stirring then, and every man who worthily stands in this presence should examine himself and see whether he has the full conception of what it means that America should live her own life.

It is fitting that the memory of John Barry should be thus celebrated. To that Irish-American sailor was intrusted the supervision of the construction of the Constitution and Constellation and other vessels which formed the beginning of the American navy. In this sense Barry was a father of the American navy, but never in the sense in which John Paul Jones has justly been so called. Great as were the services of Barry on the American coast, Jones carried the conflict across the water, and his daring deeds have fixed his memory forever as the father of our navy.

PISGAH FOREST

The National Forest Reservation Commission consists of the Secretaries of Agriculture, War, and the Interior, two Senators, and two Representatives in Congress. Its province is to consider districts in our forested watersheds which may be acquired by the Government for National forest purposes.

A very important action by the Commission has just taken place—the purchase of Pisgah Forest from the estate of the late George W. Vanderbilt. This tract consists of nearly 87,000 acres. It covers portions of the Pisgah Range, one of the most prominent of the Appalachians. The forests on this range influence the flow of the tributaries of the French Broad River, which unites with the Holstein at Knoxville, Tennessee, to form the Tennessee River.

So far as we are aware, Pisgah Forest is both the most beautiful and the most accessible tract of woodland in the southern Appalachians. For nearly a quarter of a century, thanks to Mr. Vanderbilt's zealous care, this forest has been protected from fire and from destructive lumbering and has been made accessible by the construction of over two hundred miles of roads and trails. The photographs of scenes in Pisgah Forest which are reproduced on another page will perhaps give the reader some idea of the beauty of the scenery and the character of the country included in this newly acquired forest reserve.

Mr. Vanderbilt was the first of the large forest-owners in America to adopt the practice of scientific forestry. He believed that every forest-owner owes it to those who follow him to hand down his forest property to them unimpaired by wasteful use. He also believed that the private ownership of forest land is a public trust.

The unique condition of Pisgah Forest, as well as its proximity to centers of population, led, of course, to a desire for its acquirement by our National Government. During Mr. Vanderbilt's lifetime the question was taken up, but no conclusion was reached. In order to influence that conclusion Mrs. Vanderbilt made a notable contribution: she offered the forest at a price over $200,000 below that on the basis of which negotiations were pending before Mr. Vanderbilt's death. The Commission has accepted Mrs. Vanderbilt's generous offer, and has thus purchased the forest at a price of about five dollars an acre.

The Commission proposes also to make the forest a game refuge for the preservation of the fauna of the Eastern mountains, the forest being well suited to this purpose, since it is already well stocked with game and fish.

Under all these circumstances, we are not surprised to learn that the members of the Commission look upon Pisgah Forest as by far the best purchase which they have yet authorized.

THE FOREST PRODUCTS EXHIBITION

The Forest Products Exhibition, held simultaneously in New York and Chicago, is interesting in showing a greater popular appreciation of the methods of forestry and lumbering. Most people have a rather hazy idea of the use of the various woods.

As to pine, for instance, they now learn that under the name North Carolina pine is marketed that variety of Southern pine known locally as shortleaf or "loblolly," as distinguished from longleaf; it is produced principally in Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina, and has been used for building and general purposes ever since the first settlement of Virginia in 1607. Side by side with the brick homes of our early settlers have stood the frame houses built of this kind of pine, conspicuous among them being Washington's home at Mount Vernon.

Then we turn to the Northern white cedar. Perhaps we have not realized that this kind of wood is the most durable of all woods for telephone and telegraph poles, for railway ties, for fence posts and shingles.

Then we turn to the South, to Arkansas, and

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find that its red gum, with its rich, warm brown tones, is hardly equaled for finishing purposes.

And then we turn to the West, and, of course, to the California redwoods, and realize, if we have not before, their hoary age, as well as their immense practical present-day uses.

AUSTRALIAN INTEGRITY

About three years ago the great Commonwealth of Australia resolved that it was high time to bestir itself upon the question of a national capital. Until that time the governmental functions were distributed among the several states: Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, and the huge territorial expanse of Northern Australia. With the advent of the centralization of government and a consequent closer unity of the whole island continent, it was imperative that a real capital city should be selected. Here, however, came a hitch. Neither Sydney, with its seven hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, nor Melbourne, with its half million population, was willing to cede its rights as a national capital. As in the instance of the selection of our own capital, a compromise was finally effected, and a district with an area of nine hundred square miles was mapped out. This district, about twice as far from Melbourne as from Sydney, and about eighty miles from the seacoast, is the site of the new city—Canberra.

So far had matters gone when, in the month of May, 1912, the winner of the international prize competition for the best plans of a capital city was announced. To the surprise of the civilized world, the successful competitor was a young American architect, Walter Burley Griffin, of Chicago.

But no sooner had the winner been announced and his plans accepted than complications commenced. A peaceful political revolution upset the long powerful Liberal party, and established in its place a Conservative Ministry led by the Hon. J. Hume Cook. At first it seemed that Mr. Griffin was to lose all the results of his labors; for an apparently misguided and superficial sentiment began to whisper that so young and inexperienced an architect could not possibly be competent to undertake so great a work.

The fact that the prize-winner hailed from Chicago was seized upon by certain of the English newspapers, which jeered at the idea that anything worth while in city planning could come from Chicago.

Then it was that the true spirit of the men of the antipodes asserted itself. Though English sportsmanship has long been proverbial, in this particular case it remained for the British colonials to prove that they were the true sportsmen. At the first sign of the uncertainty of the award to the American being carried through there came a strong protest from the architects and city planners of all Australia. The very men for whom the agitation had been created refused to be a party to such an exhibition of unfairness. These Australian architects had been beaten at their own game, on their "home grounds." They had been beaten fairly, however, and they knew it. Thus it happened that three hundred of the leaders of the profession drew up and presented to the Prime Minister a formal memorial urging that Mr. Griffin be allowed a fair chance.

So, partly through his own energy and ability the new capital will rise under the direct supervision of the young Chicagoan, but also partly through the honor and integrity of the Australians themselves.

PRACTICAL IDEALISM IN THE SOUTH

Students of social life in every part of the country are beginning to look forward with interest and expectation to the meetings of the Southern Sociological Congress, seeing in it, as they do, one of the most significant manifestations of the material and spiritual life of the New South. What gave peculiar interest to the meeting which has just closed its session at Memphis, Tennessee, May 6–10, was the free and frank interchange of views between the colored and white delegates upon the subject of the race problem.

One of the results of the breaking down of the sectional lines and sectional sentiment has been that the Southern white people have begun to deal constructively with the problems of Negro education and to concern themselves with the welfare of the Negro race generally. The efforts of the white South to reach the Negro masses through the medium of the churches and the school has brought the best elements of both races into active co-operation for the common welfare. Under these circumstances it was important that the leaders of both races should have some common platform upon which to discuss their common interests. This is provided by the section of the Conference upon Racial Problems, presided over by James H. Dillard.

This Congress has served to emphasize

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the fact that at the present time the South is probably devoting relatively more time and attention to the intelligent discussion and investigation not only of the racial but other social problems—public health, child labor, prison reform—than any other part of the country.

All of this activity, designed as it is to make the South a better place to live in, cannot fail to react upon the material prosperity of the Southern States.

THE LEIPSIC EXHIBITION

The International Book Trade and Graphic Arts Exhibition was lately opened at Leipsic by the King of Saxony. This is by far the largest and most comprehensive exhibition of the kind ever held. The grounds measure a hundred acres, and the main building alone covers five acres. There are more than twenty buildings devoted to exhibition purposes.

The main building is given up to the German book trade, and fully illustrates all the industrial and manufacturing processes of printing and book-making. One of the curiosities of the exhibition is a paper mill two hundred years old for making hand paper. It will be in operation daily during the exhibition. In direct contrast with it is a series of the most modern machinery of the printing trade, the whole affair being about two hundred and fifty feet long, beginning with pine logs and ending with the finished newspaper or the bound book. There has been a distinct attempt to avoid the sight of much machinery at rest; everything possible is in operation. The exhibition is therefore no mere museum, but an industrial city, full of life and animation.

Foreign nations have taken a great interest in this exhibition. In view of the refusal by Congress to make proper appropriation so that a general exhibition of the American printing industry could be sent to Leipsic, we are glad to note that the Government Printing Office at Washington, the Chicago Public Library, and some other American libraries are represented. We have organized wonderful facilities in this country for gathering and printing news and for constructing machines to be used in the graphic arts. But in the technique of reproduction in wood, stone, and metal, in the preparation of colors, in book-making, and in photography we have something to learn from other people.

CAN MEXICO REDEEM ITSELF?

Civilization cannot live in peace alongside of barbarism. It was this truth that Abraham Lincoln recognized when he said, beginning with a quotation from the New Testament: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other." What Lincoln said with regard to this irrepressible conflict between barbarism and civilization within the Nation is equally true when the conflict involves neighboring nations. Either barbarism must retreat before civilization, or civilization will be swallowed up in barbarism. There is no possible compromise between the spirit of the slave and the spirit of the freeman.

This has been exemplified again and again in history. It has never been more clearly understood than by autocratic governments. The spirit of freedom in Poland was rightly regarded as a menace by the Russian autocracy, and the result was the dismemberment of Poland and the suppression of its ideals. Austria recognized the foe of autocracy in the movement for the liberation of Italy; but the spirit of freedom in Italy was too strong, and now the spirit of autocracy in Austria is on the defensive. Free peoples have been slower than autocratic rulers to discern the irrepressible character of this conflict. Secure in their own sense of freedom, they have had little more than sympathy to spare for neighboring peoples who are still in bondage. Nevertheless, tyranny is as truly a menace to a neighboring land of freedom as the spirit of liberty is to a neighboring despotism.

This is as true when the bondage is economic as when it is political.

This is why the American people are vitally concerned with the state of affairs in Mexico. Privilege has long been master of the Mexican people. It has kept the Mexican people in ignorance; it has rendered them landless; it has established throughout a country rich in resources a system of peonage. For forty years, under the rule of Porfirio Diaz, there was the outward appearance of peace and order. It was, however, not the reality. Few rulers in modern times have had more undisputed, despotic

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power than Porfirio Diaz. And that power was exercised for the special benefit of those who, through privilege, controlled the wealth of Mexico.

With the overthrow of Porfirio Diaz there arose anew the open conflict that marred that land for generations before Diaz became President. One has only to look over the résumé of Mexican history printed in The Outlook three weeks ago to see how, throughout its history, Mexico has been torn by this struggle. Now it has broken out anew. What chance is there of an end in the triumph of freedom?

Unquestionably Huerta, now claiming to be Provisional President of Mexico, represents the spirit of autocracy, despotism, privilege. In some degree Carranza and the Constitutionalists represent the spirit of freedom. But no faction can be a substitute for a whole people; and the Constitutionalists have yet to show that they have imbued the people of Mexico with a real understanding of what liberty means.

Among the Constitutionalist leaders, General Villa is unquestionably the most forceful. The article in this issue by Gregory Mason, The Outlook's staff correspondent in Mexico, together with the article by him published in The Outlook for May 9, portrays a man of undoubted vigor and power. It appears that this man, who has led the life of a bandit, has grown in spirit during these past months. As Mr. Mason says, "Villa has preached patriotism so much that some of it has seeped into his own system; he has begun to believe his own words. And every day it is more and more evident that he is the only Mexican strong enough to save Mexico from herself." That very tribute to Villa is of itself sufficient to raise doubt as to whether Mexico can save herself. A country in which liberty depends on the life of one man is not strongly impregnated with liberty. Mr. Mason recognizes this when he says, "Yet what a thin thread it all hangs on! A bullet in Villa's back—there are many men who would like to put one there—and the old order of drunkenness and looting would be restored and an anti-American outburst almost certain." How could it be otherwise? A country in which from eighty to ninety per cent of the inhabitants are illiterate and steeped in ignorance needs something more than the leadership of such a man as Villa to secure liberty.

If any plan can be devised by which Mexico can redeem itself from privilege and despotism, the United States should, as a matter of self-interest as well as a matter of humanity, support it; but no one ought to be disappointed if no such plan can be devised. In that event, the United States must be prepared to take up the same burden in Mexico which circumstances and duty have forced it to assume in one manner in Cuba and in another manner in the Philippines. If the American people wish to preserve their own liberties, they cannot afford to be indifferent to the cause of liberty in Mexico.

THE PENROSE ISSUE

In Pennsylvania the old issue of machine rule which has been the bane of politics in the United States is again to the front. Senator Penrose, who is the embodiment of machine methods, is the Republican candidate for the Senatorship. He was chosen to be the Republican nominee in the primaries after a campaign which involved what his opponent in the primaries, Mr. Dimmick, called simply a "moral issue."

For the present, therefore, the Republican party in Pennsylvania, so far as the Senatorship is concerned, stands for the methods of the machine. Those methods are the same in substance, whatever party name is attached to them. There is no difference in principle between Republican machine methods and Democratic machine methods. It happens that in Pennsylvania the forces that stand for the machine have captured the Republican organization. If American political life is to be delivered from its worst evils, any party that succumbs to machine domination ought to be repudiated at the polls. The issue in Pennsylvania is not a party issue.

This has been frankly and bravely recognized by the newspaper which is generally regarded as the foremost organ of the Republican party in the country—the New York "Tribune." We quote from one of its editorial utterances on the situation in Pennsylvania. Under the title "Pennsylvania Should Unite on Pinchot to Defeat Penroseism" the New York "Tribune" says:

> Mr. Penrose should be beaten.
>
> It will be a bad thing for public life in America if the forces which he represents triumph in the Pennsylvania Senatorship contest. It will be a ruinous thing for the Republican party if Mr. Penrose and his kind come to the front in it once more. . . .
>
> This recrudescence of Penrose is a challenge

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to the progressive element in the Republican party everywhere. There must be no compromise with the forces of reaction. . . .

The selfish interests may profit by Penrose's success, but it will be a costly victory for the Republican party which brings him forward as an embodiment of its aims and an index of its character.

The "Tribune" hopes that Pennsylvania will elect Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the candidate of the Progressive party, as its next Senator. He is a worthier candidate than the man chosen at the Democratic primaries. The necessity for defeating Penroseism transcends all partisan considerations. Opposition to it should not be divided. The Democratic candidate ought to withdraw. All citizens, irrespective of party affiliations, should unite in support of Mr. Pinchot.

The New York "Tribune" in this instance furnishes an example of the only kind of party loyalty that deserves respect. The voters of Pennsylvania, in the face of this issue so clearly presented by the "Tribune," can show their own political faith most plainly by disregarding altogether the Republican party in the Pennsylvania Senatorship contest, and by making up their minds whether they wish to vote for the representative of a party in which machine rule is still strong, though not dominant, or the representative of a party in which machine rule has not—as yet at any rate—become an issue.

GEORG BRANDES

Since the death of M. Brunetière, Mr. Georg Morris Brandes, who is now on a visit to this country, is undoubtedly the foremost critic of world-wide reputation. He is much more than a critic in the narrow sense of the word; for his work has so much impulse or conviction behind it and is an expression of such very definite views of life and art that his books as a whole form an original contribution, not only to the literature of Scandinavia, but to European literature. A man of slight figure, with iron gray hair, with a face very strongly marked, a man of a temperament impetuous and ardent, with a command of several languages, in which he talks with great energy and intensity, Mr. Brandes is conspicuous as a personality as well as a man of letters. His very interesting account of his childhood and youth show very clearly that in his case, as in the case of many men of ability, the child was father to the man. Delicate in constitution, he submitted himself to a discipline which he tells us made him "an expert fighter." His face, bearing, and talk express the attitude of a lifetime. He has been in an unusual degree a soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity, to recall Heine.

Born in the Scandinavia of seventy years ago, and in a highly conventionalized society, Mr. Brandes, like Ibsen, had to fight his way to freedom of thought. A student in the University of Copenhagen, the range of his interests is indicated by his study of jurisprudence, philosophy, and æsthetics, and by his interest and ability in verse writing. There were three or four teachers in the University, or out of it, whose influence was deeply felt by the ardent young student. The Scandinavia of that day was not only intensely conventionalized in its religion, its philosophy, and its art, but it was provincial in taste; and it was predestined in the temperament and intellectual activity of Mr. Brandes that he should be a traveler. His education by contact with foreign countries began in his twenty-third year. For seven years he was taking a kind of post-graduate course in various parts of Europe, learning at first-hand literary conditions and standards and familiarizing himself with the philosophy and thought of other countries. He fell strongly under the influence of Taine, and the philosophy of that very interesting and aggressive critic of literature deeply affected the young Dane's conceptions of literature. He became a docent in belles-lettres in his native University, and his lectures attracted wide attention. When a Professorship of Æsthetics became vacant, it was assumed that it would be offered to him; but it was already known that he was a Radical, and he was suspected of worse things; and the chair of Æsthetics in the University of Copenhagen remained vacant. This only stimulated the fighting spirit of Mr. Brandes, and he began the publication of his most elaborate work, "Main Streams in the Literature of the Nineteenth Century," a comprehensive and brilliant account and criticism of the tendencies and movements of the literature of Europe at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

When Lessing and Goethe began to write, German poetry was largely the accomplishment of men trained under the French influence; when Brandes began to think and write, thought in Scandinavia had crystallized into rigid forms, and a fresh interpretation of the Scandinavian spirit was not only needed,

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but was, in the case of Mr. Brandes, inevitable. The young clerk in the little chemist's shop in Grimstad who was later to become the most influential dramatist in Europe, and who was already a revolutionary figure, found in Georg Brandes his chief interpreter; and it is due very largely to the ardent and aggressive advocacy of the Danish critic that Ibsen became known throughout Europe and in England. The fighting spirit of the Norwegian found in the Dane a fellow-spirit as impetuous and iconoclastic as his own. "What is needed," wrote Ibsen to Mr. Brandes, "is a revolt of the human mind, and you must be one of its leaders." To hear Mr. Brandes talk of the early days of Ibsen is to gain a very clear impression of the bitterness of the fight through which both men went on their way towards free expression. The prostration of many critics and readers before Ibsen has practically ended, as has the prostration before Wagner, which was at one time almost the universal attitude throughout Europe. For some time past people have been looking Ibsen boldly in the face and challenging his authority. It is not too much to say, however, that his was a master-hand in dramatic construction, and that, however limited his views of life, his influence in the field of dramatic writing has been revolutionary and will be felt for a long time to come.

Mr. Brandes's interest in English literature began at an early date. He translated Mill's "The Subjection of Women" during his first visit to England. Many years afterwards he wrote his study of Shakespeare, one of the most elaborate discussions of the author of "Hamlet" which has appeared in any language; a work of great and original interest, not to be slavishly followed, but a very important original contribution to Shakespearean literature.

To Poland Mr. Brandes has long been a kind of national friend. An ardent believer in democracy, he has been strongly drawn to Poland; and the Poles have come to regard him as in a peculiar sense their advocate and interpreter to the world at large. His book on Poland is one of the most intimate and interesting accounts that has appeared of that very interesting and unhappy country.

He is quoted as regarding Emerson as the greatest American thinker and Longfellow as holding the warmest place in the heart of all Danes, having endeared himself to Denmark through his translation of the Danish national hymn. Mr. Brandes is also quoted as expressing the opinion that Poe is the greatest American poet, and as holding Thomas Paine in high regard. "He was a heretic, and so am I," he is reported as saying.

During his stay in this country Mr. Brandes will speak in several American universities, and will undoubtedly find a very warm welcome.

IRISH HOME RULE

The final passage of the Home Rule Bill through the British House of Commons marks a historic moment in history. It practically ends the long effort to give local government to Ireland.

A hundred and fourteen years ago Pitt and Castlereagh established the Union between Great Britain and Ireland. It has been, says Mr. Redmond, the Irish leader, the cause of the poverty, misery, depopulation, demoralization, disloyalty, insurrection, and bloodshed of the Irish people. Its place has now been taken, in Mr. Redmond's words, "by a new union, founded on mutual respect and good will, between the two islands, and to be followed, I firmly believe, by a history of peace, prosperity, and loyalty!"

This is one view, and it is at least true in part.

But it is also true that the Irish have a chronic habit of blaming all of their misfortunes on British oppression—misfortunes due perhaps mostly to their own improvidence. And they have been so politically obsessed by the idea of Home Rule as not to see that their island has been most materially helped by the land legislation passed by the British Parliament in recent years. This land legislation, by which tenants become proprietors through Government help, has been Ireland's economic redemption.

However, the passage of the Home Rule Bill means that henceforth Ireland must stand on her own feet. This consciousness should prove an immense moral impulse, even if the material advance be not as great as the Irish Home Rulers fancy.

If Ireland is to be benefited by Home Rule, so will England be. The British Parliament, in which the excessive Irish representation has for generations forced the hand of legislation, will be relieved of a heavy burden. The glaring over-representation from Ireland will now be done away with, and there must be a resultant freeing of the

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bonds which have bound Parliament to the consideration of a question which has overshadowed every other. Parliament should now have a true perspective as regards all Imperial questions.

Among them there is one in particular, growing immediately out of the question of Home Rule—federalism. Concessions to the Irish province of Ulster have been wrung from the Asquith Government to be embodied in a separate amending bill. These concessions indicate that each part of the British Empire racially, religiously, economically, and socially different from other parts will demand its own local self-government and will be justified in the demand.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

I have just been reading an article, or essay, of yours in the book "That Unknown Country," published in 1889. You say: "The conviction has grown on me that, according to the teaching both of science and Scripture, man is by nature an animal, and, like all other animals, mortal; that immortality belongs only to the spiritual life; and that spiritual life is possible only in communion and contact with God; that, in short, immortality . . . is conferred in redemption upon all those of the race who choose life and immortality through Jesus Christ our Lord." Do you still hold that conviction? What about the parable of the prodigal, the phrase, Man was created "in the image of God," "the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," etc.? Is man not by *nature* spiritual? Was the work of Christ revelation or redemption? J. S. C.

I should express myself now probably a little differently. I am not inclined to be dogmatic on this subject. I am more desirous to live a vital life here and now than to perfect a philosophy on the subject which is above question or criticism. My general belief, however, might be expressed thus: God is immortal. Man, as a child of God, derives from his Father immortality, but only as he lives in some measure of fellowship with his Father from whom his life is derived. He may so separate himself from his Father as to lose the gift of immortality. I no longer believe in endless sin and misery for any one of God's children. The only alternative is either that all God's children will return to him at last, as the prodigal son returned to his father, which I hope may be true, or that those of his children who finally resist all his influences here and hereafter will cease to exist. Whether any will thus finally resist I do not know. I believe such resistance is *possible* because I believe in the real freedom of the will.

One of your correspondents in a recent issue asks why God has not answered the prayer for her husband's recovery.

It seems to me that your reply is not comprehensive enough. Should we not realize as one of the factors in unanswered prayer that it is selfish, and consequently wrong, for us to ask God to suspend or violate a physical law? We have no more right to ask God to suspend the operation of his physical laws for our personal benefit than we have to ask the people of the State of New York to suspend the operation of some State law, because by so doing we would be personally benefited thereby. J.

I was once asked to call upon a sick lady whose physician had sent me word that she could not recover. Overwhelmed by a sudden and great sorrow, she was dying of a broken heart. As I entered her room she met me with a submissive smile and said, "I hope I am resigned." My reply to her was, "You have no right to be resigned. You have no right to die. It is wicked for you to die. It is your duty to get well; your duty to your husband and to your children. You have no right to leave them." The shock startled her, gave her a new view of the situation, awoke in her a sense that it was worth while for her to live, and aroused in her a purpose to live. Less than two weeks later I met her at the seashore in recovering health, and she lived for ten years or more thereafter. I did not suspend the operation of any physical law, and yet I was the means of her recovery. If a human spirit can do this for another human spirit, why shall I doubt that the Divine Spirit can do as much or more? The notion that we cannot pray to God because he will not set aside his laws to grant our request, if carried to a logical conclusion, would prevent our calling in a doctor in case of sickness or asking a friend for counsel in case of perplexity.

Has God a plan for each one of his children? If so, how may we ascertain what that plan is? ***

That God has a plan for some of his children is clearly the teaching of the Bible. It is impossible to doubt that, in the view of the Bible, Moses, Isaiah, Paul, Jesus, and

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many others mentioned in the Biblical narrative had definite missions given to them. It seems to me equally clear from secular history that other men fulfilled a well-defined mission planned for them by their Father. This seems evident in the life and work of such men as Martin Luther, William of Orange, Oliver Cromwell, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln. Whether this divine plan includes what might be called appointment to specific service by the great body of private soldiers in God's army, I will not undertake to say. This much, however, is clear. In the development of the kingdom of God on the earth each historic epoch has its lesson to learn and its task to accomplish. Thus in this country and in this age we Americans have ourselves to learn, and then in turn to teach the world, the divine meaning of human brotherhood. The slavery question, the temperance question, the public school question, the immigration question, the labor question, are all phases of the great problem: What is human brotherhood and how can it be accomplished; and it is for every one of us to understand this problem, and to contribute, each in his own sphere and by his own method, what he can to its true solution. The minister, the teacher, the legislator, the lawyer, the manufacturer, the merchant, the labor leader, must each make his contribution in his own way, and, so far as I can judge, each individual is left to learn for himself as best he can what is the way assigned to him by his temperament and his place in life.

Why a creed? Why articles of faith? Are the churches still considered the sole custodians of the keys to future happiness? Is anything necessary as a qualification for church membership save a belief in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man? Why cannot we leave doctrine and belief to the individual conscience and understanding, and only require the candidate for church membership to state his desire to live a pure and upright life and pledge the best that is in him to the service of humanity? Could the Church be freed from the necessity of "beliefs" and be actively engaged in every-day problems, devoting the mid-week meeting to a discussion of these questions with a desire and purpose to act on them, both personally and as an organization, I believe the Church would go forward, our pews would be crowded, and we would take our rightful place at the head of an army enrolled for righteousness.

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The Church does not need to define its beliefs in a creed, but it does need to agree in, if not accurately to define, its purpose. That purpose Christ has defined for it in saying, "As my father has sent me, even so send I you. . . . Receive ye the Holy Spirit." Its purpose is to do in the world to-day what Christ did in the years of his earthly ministry, and to do this inspired by the same spirit of faith and hope and love with which he was inspired. This involves, therefore, not an opinion about Jesus Christ but a faith in him, like the faith of a soldier in the captain under whom he is fighting. To bring mankind into fellowship with the Father as the friend and companion of men and into fellowship with one another because they are children of one Father in heaven is the function of the Church, and I agree with you in thinking that the Church would be a much greater power on the earth than it is if it would forget its debates about theological doctrines and its definitions of theological opinions, and confine itself wholly and unreservedly to doing in the twentieth century the kind of work which Jesus Christ did in the first century, animated by the same spirit which animated him. The Church is, however, something more than a society for ethical culture. If I find a little child on the street crying because he has strayed from his home and his father and does not know the way home and is cold and hungry and lonely, I should render him a good service if I took him into a hotel and warmed him and fed him, but I should render him a better service if I could take him back into his own home and to his own father. On this general subject you will find in a book entitled "The Church, the People, and the Age" a great variety of suggestive articles well worth the consideration of those who are perplexed by the problem you have stated.

What is your opinion of the views of R. J. Campbell, of London, England, who says: "The curse of modern religion, and especially of ordinary Protestantism, is this assumption that there is such a thing as an individualist salvation whose principal benefits accrue in the next world—like an insurance policy. There cannot be such a thing as an individualist salvation any more than an individualist righteousness." "The Christianity of the churches is not the religion of Jesus." "The kingdom of God only means the reconstruction of society on a basis of mutual helpfulness instead of strife and competition."

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Like many similar statements, this is partly true and partly false. There can be no social salvation without individual salva-

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tion. A sound ship cannot be made of rotten timbers. A just and harmonious society cannot be made out of unjust, self-seeking individuals. As social salvation cannot exist without individual salvation, so individual salvation cannot exist without social salvation. The history of the Middle Ages illustrates the truth that it is almost impossible for a man to maintain divineness of character in a society pervaded by the spirit of ambition and selfishness, except as he escapes from society to a monastic cell or to the wilderness. The individual is a member of the social order and is almost as inevitably affected by moral disease in the community as the various members of the body are affected by a disease which pervades the body. The kingdom of God can come in society only as the members of society are loyal members of the kingdom of God, and it can come in perfection in the individual members only in so far as they have been able to secure a social order conforming to the principles and spirit of the kingdom of God. LYMAN ABBOTT.

AN EXPLORER REPORTS

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

ON the hottest May 26 since 1882, a day which reminded those who had never been there of tropical Brazil, Mr. Roosevelt went to Washington to deliver the official report of his explorations in South America before the National Geographic Society. Mr. Roosevelt's purpose in going to Washington was essentially scientific, but, judging from the number of Progressive leaders who joined Mr. Roosevelt at Philadelphia and Wilmington, and from the number of photographers and reporters who trooped through the car in which Mr. Roosevelt was seated at each stop, the journey might have been made in the midst of the last two weeks of a Presidential campaign. Accompanying Mr. Roosevelt from New York were three of the American members of the "Expedicão Cientifico Roosevelt-Rondon," the official title given by Brazilians to the expedition which Mr. Roosevelt undertook under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History. Father Zahm, who was also with Mr. Roosevelt during part of his South American journey, met him at Washington.

Even if the journey itself took on the aspects of a political pilgrimage, it can be said that the welcome given to Mr. Roosevelt by the great crowd in the Union Station at Washington did much towards destroying the illusion. It did not seem a partisan welcome in any sense of the word. It seemed, rather, in spirit, the friendly, sympathetic, and joyous greeting extended to a returning traveler by his friends.

Mr. Roosevelt was taken through the State entrance of the Union Station, and thence in an automobile directly to the splendid new building of the Smithsonian Institution. Here he had the first glimpse of the four-legged friends and acquaintances who returned with him, somewhat involuntarily, it must be confessed, from his African expedition of the summer of 1910. Followed by the habitual crowd, Mr. Roosevelt went from case to case, examining with the closest attention the remarkable lifelike mountings given to all his specimens by the experts of the Smithsonian Institution. In the basement of the Museum Mr. Roosevelt was shown a series of skulls illustrating the various differences in the internal structure of grizzly bears, ranging as to geographical limit from Chihuahua to Alaska. To the lay observer the minute variations might have had a more appealing interest upon a cooler day, but Mr. Roosevelt seemed to find the rows of skulls a matter of intense and absorbing interest.

From the Smithsonian Mr. Roosevelt went, at the invitation of President Wilson, to the White House. President Wilson met Mr. Roosevelt at the door. After a cordial and friendly call of half an hour Mr. Roosevelt departed for a reception at the home of Senator Lodge. Here Mr. Roosevelt had the pleasure of seeing again the British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, who was best man at his wedding in London. Here also he met Ambassador Jusserand, who during his Administration took a very active part in the cross-country expeditions that were the despair of the secret service men and of the President's less athletic friends. In the evening before his lecture Mr. Roosevelt was the guest of honor of the Directors of the National Geographic Society at a

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small dinner, a dinner noteworthy not only for the names of the guests, but also for the fact that it began and ended on schedule time. There were no speeches.

Mr. Roosevelt's lecture was delivered at half-past eight o'clock before an audience which filled Convention Hall, the largest building of its kind in Washington, to the limit of its capacity. There were about four thousand present. Mr. Roosevelt began with the most cordial tribute to his fellow-workers and to the Brazilian explorers whose labors during the past decade made his own expedition possible. With the speaker on the platform sat Mr. Fiala, Mr. Cherrie, Mr. Miller, and Father Zahm—the four members of his expedition, whom Mr. Roosevelt described as exhibits A, B, C, and D. Mr. Roosevelt began by carefully pointing out the fact that every expedition of exploration is tremendously dependent upon the work of those who have gone before. "To every member of this Society and to every man who has seriously considered exploration," he said, "it ought to be unnecessary to say . . . that hardly ever can we do anything of note save by building on what has been done by our predecessors' work." As an illustration showing how this simple statement was applicable even to the greatest of explorers, the speaker said: "Columbus could not have discovered America if it had not been for the deeds of Portuguese and, to a less extent, of Spanish sailors from the days of Prince Henry, the Navigator, on. Peary could not have discovered the North Pole if there had not been for generations men who had been pushing far northward the limits of knowledge of the polar regions." In comparing the explorations of the present with those of the sixteenth-century adventurers along the Amazon, he spoke feelingly of "the early Spanish explorers and *conquistadores*, whose feats were so phenomenal that they make all the work of all of us who have done anything on that river to-day seem child's play in comparison."

Mr. Roosevelt then carefully defined the field and function of the expedition which he headed. "The work of the expedition of which I was a member," he said, "was essentially a zoö-geographic reconnaissance. It pretends to be nothing else, and it could be nothing else. The first work in the wilderness cannot be exhaustive work. The exhaustive work must be made by the men who come after because if the men who go first try to stay in the wilderness they do not come out."

How he came to undertake this task of exploration and to whom he was indebted for the opportunity of working in virgin territory Mr. Roosevelt took particular pains to make clear. "I did not go down to South America with any intention of making such an exploration as this," he said. "I had supposed that our trip would be chiefly a zoölogical trip, and I went primarily for the American Museum of Natural History with that end in view. When I got to Rio de Janeiro, Mr. Lauro Müller, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Brazil, told me that of course they would help me to do what I wished, but that he thought he had something which would appeal to me much more.

"He told me that the head of the Telegraphic Commission, Colonel Rondon, who had for twenty-five years been engaged in the work of exploring that wild western wilderness of Brazil, would, if I desired, accompany me down that river," Mr. Roosevelt said, in referring to the river whose headwaters Colonel Rondon had crossed on a previous expedition, "and see where it came out, and he said: 'Now, we will be delighted to have you do it; but, of course, you must understand, we cannot tell you anything of what will happen, and there may be some surprises not necessarily pleasant.'" Mr. Roosevelt said that he accepted the invitation at once, and then went on:

"And now here I want, with all the emphasis possible—and I wish that the Brazilian Ambassador were here to report to his Government what I say—I want, with all the emphasis possible, to attest that everything that we did this year was a sequel to and was conditioned upon what the Telegraphic Commission of Brazil, under Colonel Rondon and his associates, had done during the preceding seven years. We could not have known of the existence of the head-waters of this river, we could not have crossed the highland wilderness at all, if it had not been for the work of the Commission. All that we did was to put the cap on the pyramid of which they had laid deep and broad the foundations."

Mr. Roosevelt, illustrating his remarks by specimens of the work of the best German, English, and French cartographers, pointed out in detail the remarkable discrepancies between all existing maps of South America and the physical facts of actual

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South American geography. He made no direct reference whatsoever to those who have attacked without a hearing the accuracy of his discoveries, but he made it quite clear that any one following the accepted maps of the interior of Brazil would quite probably come to the conclusion that his new river violated the laws of gravitation and the limits of three-dimensional space. What Mr. Roosevelt's expedition accomplished geographically is summed up in the following paragraph from the telegram which Mr. Roosevelt sent the Brazilian Minister of Foreign Affairs upon his emergence from the wilderness. He wrote:

> We have put on the map a river about fifteen hundred kilometers in length, running from just south of the thirteenth degree to north of the fifth degree, and the biggest affluent of the Madeira. Until now its upper course has been utterly unknown to every one, and its lower course, although known for years to the rubber men, utterly unknown to all cartographers. Its source is between the twelfth and thirteenth parallels of latitude south, and between longitude 59° and longitude 60° from Greenwich.

The river, then, which Mr. Roosevelt explored is considerably longer than the Seine and Rhone combined, and about as long as the Rhine or the Elbe. There is one satisfaction which comes to the explorer of a river that is denied to the man who ascends an unknown peak. As Mr. Roosevelt succinctly phrased it, when a river has once been surveyed "a river stays put." Those who came to Mr. Roosevelt's lecture with the idea that they were to hear a list of hairbreadth escapes and blood-curdling adventures were surely disappointed, for Mr. Roosevelt was much more concerned with the presentation of the scientific questions aroused by his exploration in South America than with any desire to present a striking and picturesque narrative. Nevertheless, the audience that filled Convention Hall on that distressingly sultry evening listened to Mr. Roosevelt's report with the closest and most sympathetic attention.

HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER.

JACOB RIIS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IT is difficult for me to write of Jacob Riis only from the public standpoint. He was one of my truest and closest friends. I have ever prized the fact that once, in speaking of me, he said, "Since I met him he has been my brother." I have not only admired and respected him beyond measure, but I have loved him dearly, and I mourn him as if he were one of my own family.

But this has little to do with what I wish to say. Jacob Riis was one of those men who by his writings contributed most to raising the standard of unselfishness, of disinterestedness, of sane and kindly good citizenship, in this country. But in addition to this he was one of the few great writers for clean and decent living and for upright conduct who was also a great doer. He never wrote sentences which he did not in good faith try to act whenever he could find the opportunity for action. He was emphatically a "doer of the word," and not either a mere hearer or a mere preacher. Moreover, he was one of those good men whose goodness was free from the least taint of priggishness or self-righteousness. He had a white soul; but he had the keenest sympathy for his brethren who stumbled and fell. He had the most flaming intensity of passion for righteousness, but he also had kindliness and a most humorously human way of looking at life and a sense of companionship with his fellows. He did not come to this country until he was almost a young man; but if I were asked to name a fellow-man who came nearest to being the ideal American citizen, I should name Jacob Riis.

He is his own monument. His words and deeds will live after him. There is scant need for us to try to commemorate him; but there are certain things that can be done. One of them is to name the Rockaway Children's Park after him—the Jacob Riis Park. He fought for the weak, he fought against corruption in high places; but perhaps the fight that was closest to his heart was the fight for children. A child suffering physically, mentally, or morally aroused every instinct of chivalry and championship in his nature. He was ever battling for the welfare of the generation that was to come. We have a Rockaway Children's Park because of what he did. Let us name it for him, the stanchest, most efficient friend the children of New York City have ever had.

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THAT "BAD EDUCATION"

SOME COMMENTS BY OUTLOOK READERS

Few articles have ever drawn from the readers of The Outlook so many letters as that contributed to The Outlook of April 18 by Dr. Walter Phelps Hall, entitled "Why I Have a Bad Education." In that article Dr. Hall laid the blame on Latin and Greek. He declared, in effect, that he had been forced to waste on those languages time which he could have more profitably spent on other subjects; and on behalf of the youth who are now in our schools and colleges he protested against a system which, for the sake of a superstitious reverence for the classics, denied to young men and women a knowledge of the present world which they had a right to.

In publishing that article, we made a compact with our readers, promising them The Outlook's opinion if the readers would send in sufficient number their opinions and experiences. It was astonishing to find how many readers had, not only firm opinions on the subject, but warm feelings. Defenders of the classics rose to repel the attack. Other readers, finding this opportunity to voice their resentment at the waste of time and effort they ascribe to the compulsory study of Latin and Greek, rose with equal vigor to the support of Dr. Hall.

In this number we can present only fragments of the letters that defend the classics. Later we will publish passages from letters on the other side, and still later some very interesting narratives of personal experience in encountering Latin and Greek—to some, foes; to others, friends.—THE EDITORS.

WAS IT A BAD EDUCATION, AFTER ALL?

First, we give space to two of those who question the very basis on which Dr. Hall placed his argument against the classics.

Among many debts to my acquaintance with Latin is the ability to read Dr. Hall's criticism of classical education in The Outlook for April 18.

His paper bristles with shafts drawn from the armory which he attacks. He stabs the study of Latin with Latin words. He discharges against Olympus arrows feathered from the eagle of Zeus.

"Irrational insistence," "mental pabulum," "osseous powers," "ancillary years," "the subtleties of the word 'exiguous,'" and a "sacrosanct veneration for treaties" are but samples of the weapons aimed at the heart of the Alma Mater who taught him how to use them.

Æneas, whom Dr. Hall derides, never turned against his mother the divine arms forged for him at her request.

HARLAN H. BALLARD.
Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Were I a teacher of English, I would use Mr. Hall's article as an example to show how force and elegance may be obtained by the use of Latin derivatives and Latin phraseology. But were I a teacher of argumentation, I would use it as an example of wordy discussion without convincing proof.

DORRANCE S. WHITE.
Central High School, St. Joseph, Missouri.

THE CLASSICS AS A DISCIPLINE FOR THE MIND

Several readers claim for the study of the classics peculiar value in mental dicipline, pointing out that, although the languages themselves may fade from the mind, the mental qualities derived in the process of studying them survive. This comes from the Middle West:

These are studies which demand accuracy on the student's part; not accuracy of the hand, but of the mind, the absence of which is a most distressing feature of the modern high school product.

The result is that when you receive men at college who have actually been made to "bone" over these subjects, you have men who can concentrate active minds upon a given proposition, and not men whose nearest approach to study has been wandering about a so-called laboratory where their chief occupation was washing glassware.

EDWARD H. PEARSON.
Crawfordsville, Indiana.

And the following tribute to classical edu-

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cation as a distinctive means of mental training comes from one who feels the lack of it :

The writer of this letter never saw the inside of a college, but he has somehow stumbled into a taste for good literature. He is very much interested in all those things of modern life that seem to interest Mr. Hall. He has read perhaps as many books on serious subjects as the average college graduate, and more than some ; but he feels that he is lacking in two essential things that the average college graduate seems to possess. The first is a knowledge of tools in giving expression to his thoughts and the use of these tools with the least waste of energy. The second is a polish and self-assurance that in the favorable environment of the few may be acquired out of college, but never by the many. In a word, the college man has a trained mind and is equipped to handle the tools. His knowledge or want of knowledge of particular tongues is of secondary importance. P. J. McCarthy.

Scranton, Pennsylvania.

And in the following passage a teacher, from whose letter we have already quoted, makes the point that this mental training is independent of the use which may or may not be made of the languages after the period of study ends :

Need the student of the classics feel constrained to " pull down his musty volume of the Æneid " in order to enjoy a comparison of traits of human nature which have undergone no change during these two thousand years ? Somewhere in the hazy realm of my subconscious self there resides the precious knowledge obtained from exercise on those formidable apparatus of mental gymnastics, Sturm's theorem and Horner's method, partial payments, spheroids and rhomboids, sines, cosines, and tangents. Most of us have been trained on this apparatus ; but who takes down his mathematics books for the pleasure of working a problem in algebra or to while away the evening with an example in partial payments half a ream long ? In anticipation of a possible argument that mathematics would be at least usable, if not pleasurable, in distinction from the classics, I will make haste to add that ten years out of college has failed to afford a single occasion for the use of one algebraic or geometric principle which I did not know before I began their study ; nor have I, when rowing upstream at the rate of three miles per hour against a current flowing downstream at the rate of four miles per hour, been concerned to know where Mr. B, starting from my destination, rowing downstream at five miles per hour against a head wind blowing twenty miles per hour, will meet me if he doesn't capsize.

Dorrance S. White, A.B., A.M.

Central High School, St. Joseph, Missouri.

THE CLASSICS AS A SOURCE OF ENGLISH

A further point made by some readers is that knowledge of the classics is not only a good foundation for an English style but a great advantage to one who wishes to acquire skill in the use of English as a tool of business. First comes the testimony of a newspaper man :

Charles A. Dana used to say that if he wanted a reporter to get the facts and write the account in simple English of a dog-fight, a balloon ascension, or a Presidential inauguration, he would rather have a youth who could scan the odes of Horace than any other variety. William P. Lovett.

Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Second, a most interesting testimony as to the value of Latin in stenography comes from the head of the Department of Ancient Languages in the Dorchester High School of Massachusetts. Mr. Perkins believes that he has demonstrated that Latin is a most practical study. We cannot give his interesting account in full. That, we understand, is to be published later in the " Classical Journal," to which we refer our readers who are particularly interested in this course of Latin as a vocational study :

Many, on general principles, would admit, I think, the importance of such a course to stenographers ; but we contend that, even to a greater degree, salesmen and business men generally need the help to be derived from Latin. Miss Blanchard, the teacher of salesmanship in the Dorchester High School, who also has an evening class in business administration composed of employees in Filene's store, goes even further ; she states that it is found in the work downtown that the chief obstacle to promotion is ignorance of English—that is, lack of knowledge of the meaning and use of words derived from the Latin.

But in the Dorchester High School the so-called commercial Latin is not confined to commercial students, for, much to my gratification,

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about a year ago Miss Ripley, the teacher in charge of the department of dressmaking and millinery in the school, after going over the matter with the head master and her former instructors in Columbia University, decided to put commercial, or vocational, Latin into the domestic art course. Miss Ripley sums up the case for Latin as follows: "The best situations which my girls may reasonably hope to obtain are those of business manager, work-room manager, draper, fitter, or perhaps a combination of two or more of these positions. It has been said that it is only necessary to 'fit' the mind of customers to achieve success in the sewing trades. Hence a broad, flexible, discriminating vocabulary is a prime business asset. In my opinion, the time is coming to an end when the crude, uneducated tradeswoman can succeed."

Two years ago last September we began the experiment of commercial Latin with one division of forty. This year there were four sections, including Latin II, numbering in all about one hundred and sixty-five pupils.

The pupils begin with the root or base of the Latin word, and then run through with the prefixes. For example, in *scrībo*, *scrīptus*, *scrībere*, *scrīpsī*, they find what they can in the English dictionary from the two stems, *scrīb* and *scrīpt*, and then hunt up other words, taking the prefixes in alphabetical order. We thus lay much stress upon prefixes; and, as a matter of fact, after a few months, have a typewritten list of them pasted on the inside of the cover of the note-book for easy reference in looking up derivatives. Just here is a point. Since in the study of stenography many of the Latin prefixes and suffixes, and not a few Latin words, are represented by definite phonographic signs, the commercial pupils who have studied Latin, when they come to phonography in the third and fourth years, have a distinct advantage. In fact, this year five or six fourth-year commercial pupils who had not had my training entered the Latin class, primarily that they might master these phonographic signs with greater facility.

From the beginning the pupils show a keen interest in the study of derivatives, but it is not until they are well along in the second year that they care much for the subject-matter read. This year, when they were studying Catullus's "Death of the Pet Sparrow," from the second-year Latin, which, by the way, was found to be unexpectedly rich in words leading to English derivatives, a genuine sense of literary appreciation manifested itself.

Perhaps, however, it is not wise to lay too much emphasis upon the cultural side of the work. This course in Latin must stand or fall according to the judgment passed upon it from the vocational view-point. In other words, it is necessary to establish as a fact that the vocabulary of the commercial Latin pupils is unquestionably enriched, and that this enrichment makes for an increased earning capacity.

Mr. Perkins proceeds to give an interesting account of a series of measurements to test the pupils' acquaintance with the elements of English, and to compare those pupils who had a Latin training with those who had not. The result Mr. Perkins states as follows:

January and February, 1914.	Averages. Latin.	Non-Latin.
1. Spelling	82.5%	72.6 %
2. Use of words in sentences	57.5	40.6
3. Definitions and parts of speech	69.5	33.3
4. Meaning of words and spelling	57.0	27.5
5. Excellence in vocabulary	36.0	6.8
June, 1913.		
6. Meaning of words and spelling	65.3	12.3
	6) 367.8	6) 193.1
	61.3 %	32.18%
	32.18	
Difference	29.12%	

And Mr. Perkins adds:

In these six tests, the blundering and groping in the dark on the part of the non-Latin students would be ludicrous but for the tragedy of it all. For example, one pupil said of *concussion*: "An accident; leaves some people with a disease of the brain." A second gave this meaning of *resonant*: "To be firmly fixed in a certain resolution." Again, *potent* was explained as "something which hangs overhead; hence, a warning." By another *militant* was defined as "a woman who destroys everything within her reach; a suffragette." Still another defined *intervention* as "an invention of something invented before;" and, finally, a youngster capped the climax by explaining *pendant* as "a Harvard-Yale game."

I make bold to express the hope that I am not only assisting boys and girls to an increased earning capacity in the stern struggle of life, but that I have also started a back-fire which may help to check the conflagration which at present threatens to sweep away so much of what for ages has been counted the highest and best in education.

ALBERT S. PERKINS.

Dorchester High School,
Boston, Massachusetts.

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THE CLASSICS AS A SOURCE OF KNOWLEDGE CONCERNING THE STRUCTURE OF ALL LANGUAGE

It is not only as a basis of English, but as a basis of other languages, that the study of the classics is commended. In such a matter as this experience is the best guide, and that is why on this point we have chosen to quote from a letter from Grinnell, Iowa, because it gives the results of experience in teaching:

Here, in the Middle West, few high schools give instruction in French. It is therefore necessary for the colleges to offer elementary courses in that language. We find in this college that within a month after beginning the first-year course the sheep have begun to divide themselves from the goats in a very marked way; the sheep being, almost without exception, the men and women who have had at least a preparatory course in Latin. The classically trained students therefore gain a year or more in the study of French.

Moreover, no student can go far in the study of any Romance language without a knowledge of Latin. There is very little Romance literature whose full flavor can be perceived and relished by the student who knows neither Latin nor Greek. To be sure, the student may look up the allusions to ancient authors in a classical dictionary; but that is a very different thing from recognizing them as old friends; it is not merely a matter of knowing that a certain illustration or figure has been used before by Virgil or Homer that is in question; it is some measure of understanding of the spirit of the past. There is a genetic psychology of the race as well as of the individual, and the data for the study of the former are to be found in the thought records of mankind, in its languages and its literature. For literature is a universal thing, not to be chopped up into fragments by either chronological or geographical limits.

We find also that the students who in the preparatory schools have avoided Latin altogether or dropped it after a year or two of unsuccessful work have just as much trouble with the modern languages as they ever found in trying to learn Latin.

Grinnell, Iowa CAROLINE S. SHELDON.

THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS AS A STUDY OF MAN

Perhaps the greatest emphasis in the letters we have received has been laid upon the study of the classics as a means of knowing the mind of man. After all, argue many of our readers, it is not things but people that are most worth knowing. So argue the two readers of The Outlook from whose letters we make the following quotations:

There is no question but what too large an amount of time has been given in the past to the study of dead languages, and, to the writer's mind at least, there is no question but what the pendulum, as usual, is bound to swing too far the other way. If we are going to discuss the subject in a broad and final manner, we must determine in advance what we are being educated to. What is the reason for an education? Is the building of a railway an end in itself, or is the service that the railway gives an end in itself, or is the resultant effect upon the people as a whole the end to be gained? As a race of human beings, are we working toward perfection in transportation, perfection in government, perfection in knowledge of astronomy and geology? If we are, the uselessness of the classical course must be admitted. On the other hand, while working for perfection in things material, are we not also working toward perfection of the individual, and, if this is to be admitted, the value of the classical education must be given consideration.

Credit, and great credit, must be given to the men of science for making conditions for the masses more livable. However, this but gives the opportunity, and not the final result. If we are to develop men, which means the development of their character, we must make a study of men—not only the men who surround us, not only the men who are living in the same little day with us, but we must know the men of the past, and we must study their development; we must follow carefully and painstakingly the path which they have trod from beyond the dawn of history down to the present time.

If the so-called classical course, as opposed to the scientific course, means anything, it means the study of man as against the study of things; not the study of the physical man, but the study of the mental man—study of the growth of his mind, of the development of his character, study of his environment and of its reflex action upon his mentality.

There is nothing greater in life than personality. Man did wonderful achievements in things material two thousand years ago. Some of them are with us yet. They are growing less, however, and not greater.

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Even the Pyramids of Egypt must some day yield to the ravages of time. Personality lives; it does not grow less with the ages. Two thousand years ago the Roman Forum stood a monument to a material civilization; two thousand years ago a Personality lived in an obscure and down-trodden country—a Personality of a despised race.

The Roman Forum is a ruin. That Personality is the most tremendous force of the twentieth century.

Chicago. BRUCE V. CRANDALL.

The article "Why I Have a Bad Education," in the issue of April 18, compelled one of your readers, at least, to reappraise the value of his college training.

The largest personal consequence of classical study lay in the development of the sense of the unity of humanity. The Græco-Roman civilization is the one great social order which has risen and fallen in the full light of history. Assyria and Egypt are too far away from us in point of time, and their literatures do not enable us sufficiently to get the atmosphere of their life. France and Germany are too much like ourselves. But there in the literature of Greece and Rome we find evidence of the similar character of human experience in all ages. The people of that civilization which has passed forever from the earth had the same joys and sorrows, the same ethical and social problems, the same longing for beauty, and many of the same attitudes toward the universe which we have to-day. Their life was in some respects more primitive, their passions more elemental; but it was real life. It feels real as we read about it now.

As I look back upon it, it seems that a short course in Greek tragedy was more valuable to me than almost any other in my college study. Œdipus and Jocasta are as living, as real, and as pitiful as Tess and Angel Clare. There are the same problems which still mystify us—how far is a man in control of his life, how far is he merely in the grip of the iron forces of the universe? There, too, is a loveliness of expression that makes the reader forever a devotee of that "dim face of beauty, haunting all the world." There are lines in those choruses where the wedding of thought with sound is so perfect that the feeling engendered in the soul of the student is akin to that of worship. One may not read the classics for years, and the vision of beauty they brought may fade, yet my own experience has been that they remain as a vague voice back in the soul calling me to perceive the beauty of the world—calling and never still. JUSTIN W. NIXON.

Judson Memorial Church,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

THE CLASSICS AS A SOURCE OF PLEASURE

The doubt expressed by Dr. Hall in his article of April 18 that many derive much pleasure from reading the original Latin and Greek has brought to us a good deal of testimony that might well tend to remove such doubt. Some of the most interesting of this testimony we shall print in a later issue. Here we include certain brief statements selected from many letters:

The case is not nearly so bad as Dr. Hall represents, for I do know of men of influence (and not teachers of classics either) who read and enjoy the Greek and Latin masters. One man, aged about forty-five, a short time ago told me he had read six Greek plays in the original in six months. Has Dr. Hall read six plays of Shakespeare in the same length of time? Since writing the above a young lady, a member of my Horace class, has told me how she spent part of her Easter vacation. She visited at the home of her great-uncle, a man aged seventy-eight years, a retired farmer, who brought out his Horace, and she and he read some of his favorite odes. Through all these years he has managed to keep an intimate acquaintance with Horace, finding in him solace and inspiration.

ARTHUR L. KEITH,
Professor of Latin.

Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota.

To me the echo of Professor F. G. Allinson's reading to his Greek classes of certain choruses from Æschylus and Sophocles returns through the years, and stands, along with my first sight of the Irish coast after the waste of waters, my first view of the snow-capped Sangre de Cristo Mountains across the plains, among the thrilling experiences of my life. Do such experiences lack value in our education, in our ability to meet life? I think not. MARGARET ROYS.

Columbia University Library, New York.

When it comes to a comparison of geology with Plato's story of the death of Socrates, I naturally stand by the geology—that is, assuming that a choice might be necessary; for that science is my specialty and my chief in-

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terests have become centered therein, both by temperament and by training. Nevertheless, I think that I am in some degree the better man for reading Socrates. However interestingly weird and romantic may be the strange creatures of the past, none of them, from trilobite to triceratops, patriofelis to pithecanthropus, are of any direct significance to the men of to-day, save as marks and signs for the geologist, the prospector, and the miner. Socrates, on the other hand, sets us an example of courage and integrity which we all need to follow.

Cæsar's "stupid military operations" always seemed to me a splendid adventure. I read them with interest, and gained from them my first comprehension of why armies fight in one place rather than another, and of how the contour of the ground affects the issue of a battle. I wished to know more of such matters, and so read up the art of war in more modern books; not in a systematic course of study, for a man cannot find time to study everything thoroughly, but in irregular browsings at odd times, lasting ever since my Cæsar days. As a result, I now have at least an intelligent comprehension of military operations and some appreciation of the military needs of this country.

RALPH E. SAWYER.

I feel as my high school boys and girls did when I, as their English teacher, asked them what piece of literature they wished to study in class. Their reply invariably was: "Let us read something that we wouldn't read outside by ourselves." They enjoyed the masterpieces when they could read them with guidance. The modern novel they could master by themselves.

MRS. A. J. LOWRY.

Chicago, Illinois.

A QUESTION OF METHOD, NOT SUBJECT

Some of our readers who defend the classics recognize the fact that there is some ground for the protest against the teaching of the classics in schools and colleges; but they attribute that protest not to the classics as a subject, but to the methods employed in teaching them. Mr. Ballard's letter, from which we have already quoted, makes this point:

A teacher who could rudely interrupt a boy's awakening imagination as it kindled at the flaming words "*arma virumque cano*" by demanding the principal parts of "*cano*," or the logical position of the enclitic, probably failed to elucidate even the historical allusions which thrilled the hearts of Virgil's earliest audience. He may not have pointed out the wonderful parallel, and the still more subtle contrasts, between the legend of Æneas and Dido and the then recent and burning story of Antony and Cleopatra, though this is emphasized by the central scene sculptured on the shield of Æneas, and suggested with terrible pathos in the tribute to young Marcellus, the son of Octavia, sister of Augustus, and the insulted and deserted wife of this same Marc Antony. It is no wonder that Octavia fainted as Virgil read those lines in her hearing. She loved the poet because she understood his meaning.

HARLAN H. BALLARD.

Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

GREEK AND LATIN HAVE ALREADY FOUND THEIR PLACE

Even many who acknowledge that bad methods have prevailed in the teaching of the classics are convinced that those methods are being relegated to the past; and these defenders of the classics speak optimistically of the future. With this point we bring this installment of letters to a close:

The question "Why I have a bad education" may be answered in several ways, like the question "Why I have a bad edge on my razor." The owner of the razor may say his whetstone is bad. Some one who knows may reply, "The stone is good, but the steel is bad." Now there are more people with bad educations than razors with bad edges. In fact, the number of bad educations is constantly increasing. Years ago it was chiefly those persons of superior mettle, those capable of taking a good education, who were sent far through school. Now, under the compulsory education laws and other forms of pressure, all kinds of human beings are kept in school beyond the age when we yearn to live and love. Quite naturally the world stands aghast at the lack of uniformity in the product. "Why are some graduates keen and others dull?" it asks. "Did they not all go through the same grind at school?" "Why," we may ask in return, "do some razors shave well, but not all? Do they not all go through the same grind?"

Yet the world is much mistaken in supposing that all students in the same college, or even in the same high school, go through the same grind. And your contributor adds this

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identical mistake to the list of those which he has perpetrated. Our schools have changed wondrously in the past ten or fifteen years. So radical has been the change that Mr. Hall's description of our educational system sounds to me like the far-off echo of a dreamer's voice in some dozing, lotus-eating fairy-land "where it is always afternoon." Compulsory Greek and Latin, the stronghold of Mr. Hall's educational enemies, has been battered down long ago. As far as school is concerned he is still voting for Andrew Jackson.

Greek and Latin, then, have a definite function in the modern educational scheme. Mr. Hall's position is false because he represents as now in operation a condition which has long ceased to exist. He is gravely chopping off the legs of an adversary whose neck has already been severed by a bolder man.

HARRY L. SENGER.
Woodward High School,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

I have the pleasure of working in a high school of the Northwest. By reading of school papers, by perusal of catalogues, by hearing the views and reports of educators from many States and cities, and by personal visitation I have acquainted myself with conditions in the Middle West and Far West; and it is my conviction that Mr. Hall's complaint cannot be fairly made against the secondary schools in the regions mentioned. I believe, furthermore, that it is only my lack of knowledge that prevents my being able to make a similar defense of the schools of the East.

It will not be unwarranted, I trust, to use the high school with which I am best acquainted as an illustration. In this high school no student can make a confession of ignorance equal to Mr. Hall's when he was about to enter college. Here seven or eight magazines—the best published in the United States, with one illustrated weekly from England—and a daily newspaper are provided for the students; more, they are used by the students! In fact, in some studies the pupil who does not use the magazines is a failure; the study of current events occupies approximately one-fifth of the time in English courses required of all students. A goodly proportion of the members of the school subscribe for a small weekly paper which chronicles the ceaseless flux of news in succinct items. Such students know who President Eliot and Josephus Daniels are, who Premier Asquith, Alfred Noyes—yes, who Maeterlinck and Rodin are. I hear them talk intelligently of the minimum wage, of efficiency, of profit-sharing. Mr Hall's own article will be the subject of several class discussions.

It is probably superfluous to add that science occupies a large place in the curriculum of this high school. Outside of what is usually classed as science, but closely related to modern life, is another group of studies, represented in our school by typewriting, shorthand, bookkeeping, manual training, and domestic science. One modern language is taught, not altogether with the purpose of bringing students to a reading knowledge of Schiller and Lessing, for I see members of the German class poring interestedly over a pamphlet-like newspaper presenting the news from many countries in the language they are studying. On the æsthetic side, music is offered to every one, and credit given for it; one student in four is a member of the chorus or orchestra. This is not an ideal school by any means; it is an average school.

Are the two kinds of study, that of the ancient and that of the modern, so incongruous and irreconcilable as they seem to Mr. Hall? Could not one know both the trilobite and the second aorist, the animate and the inanimate? After all, is not the modern, whether in language, science, or society, dependent upon and articulated with the ancient? I cannot feel that ancient language, life, and literature are things so apart from the twentieth century as they appear in Mr. Hall's perspective. Virgil can hardly be out of date while it teems with human qualities that recognize no periods of time.

I am a sincere supporter of the movement among modern educators—a movement more deep and widespread than many are aware—to relate our study to life. Yet neither "business" nor "affairs" are synonyms of "life." Nor can I think that because a book is old it is extinct. Latin and Greek do not seem "dead languages" to me, any more than the mold, made up of fallen organic matter and nourishing the oak, seems dead matter.

HOYT H. HUDSON,
Department of English and Public Speaking, Cœur d'Alene High School.
Cœur d'Alene, Idaho.]

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THE MEXICAN MAN OF THE HOUR

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN MEXICO

EVERY day Francisco Villa looms larger on the horizon south of the Rio Grande. He is the man of the hour in Mexico. Beyond the shadow of a doubt the United States would now be at war with the people of Mexico but for the courage and sagacity of this blunt peon who averted an international crisis by holding his restless countrymen in check with one hand while he extended the other in friendship to his neighbors, the Americans, and shamed even the jingoes among them into quietude.

Feeling ran so high along the border during the week when the war cloud was darkest, following the occupation of Vera Cruz by our marines, that only the merest puff was needed to fan a conflagration from the embers of animosity which sputtered and flickered dangerously at more than one point between Brownsville, Texas, and San Diego, California. There were clashes between Americans and Mexicans at Laredo, at Nogales, and at other small towns on the border, but at the point where the largest American border city, El Paso, faces Juarez, the largest Mexican city on the northern boundary, there were no outbreaks. On the morning after that panicky Thursday in El Paso, when the city was to have been taken and sacked, according to alarmists, the following dialogue ensued between an American and a Mexican, as an El Paso newspaper reported:

"Good-morning, friend," the Mexican called across the Rio Grande to his neighbor. "How did you sleep last night?"

"On our arms," replied the Texan. "How did you?"

"On our pillows," was the shouted reply.

The comparative calmness of the Mexicans in Juarez at this exciting juncture was a reflection of the mood of Villa, who had come up from Chihuahua to chill the tempers of his countrymen. But for the cool head of "Don Pancho" there might have been a conflict between the people of these two cities bloodier than any battle of the war of 1847, and leading up to a much more disastrous struggle than that one. A Mexican with his blood up is harder to hold in leash than a maddened bulldog, and none of Villa's victories showed the extent of his hold upon his people so fully as this triumph of pacification. Any one of his generals could have led the Mexican soldiers across the river. No one but he could have held them in check and averted the war which seemed as inevitable as the summer rains.

The question that everybody asked was, "Why did Villa do it?" Villa, the former bandit, the man who was popularly considered little better than a cutthroat and highwayman, was the last Mexican from whom professions of friendship for the gringoes were to be expected. All kinds of explanations for his conduct were suggested, the most specious one being that he was merely playing for time and that he would show his teeth as soon as he could properly arm and equip his soldiers.

Several American correspondents, including myself, who had left Mexico when war seemed certain, and who had tired of trying to sift a "story" from the plethora of rumors and hotel gossip that filled El Paso, decided to get at the solution of the conundrum by studying Villa at close range. When the first excitement had worn off and it was evident that several weeks of diplomatic "palaver" impended, we started for Chihuahua, where Villa had gone to "persuade" Carranza that the Constitutionalists must not join Huerta against the United States, and to punish the trouble-makers who wanted to split the forces of the revolution.

Our journey was necessarily slow, for we traveled on a freight-train in a box car which had been fitted up with bunks and a kitchen until it was as comfortable as the private car of the president of the road, and when we arrived in Chihuahua Villa had left for Torreon, after punishing the chief of the trouble-makers, Manuel Chao, by removing him from his position as Governor of Chihuahua.

From Chihuahua to Torreon is only a day's run, but it took us three to make it in our palatial freight-car. The engineer was so filled with pride at pulling the car of the *corresponsales universales* that he blew his whistle out of commission. That was the

(Continued on page following illustrations)

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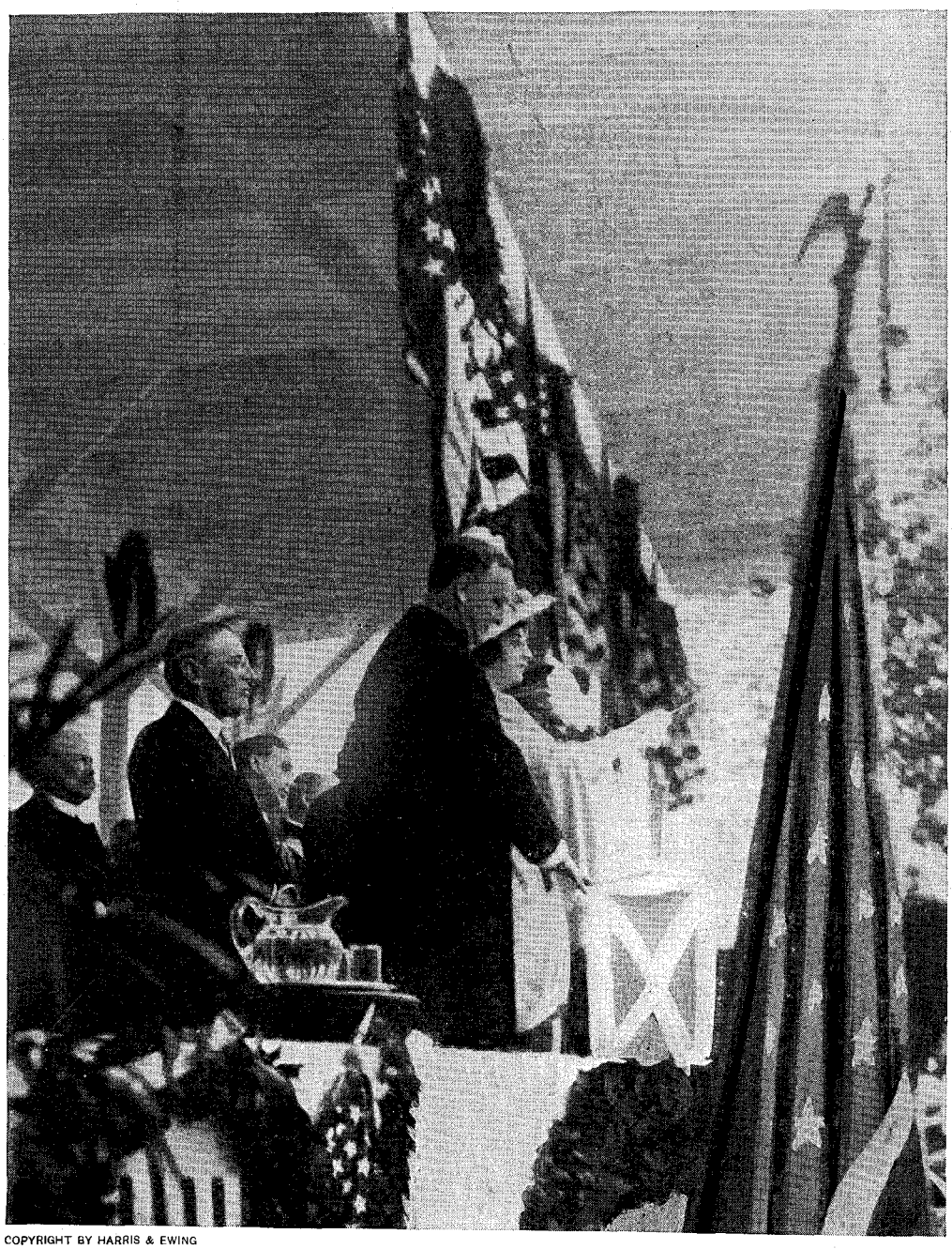
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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THE FIRST UNITED STATES COMMODORE

President Wilson delivered the address at the unveiling of a statue of Commodore John Barry at Franklin Park, Washington, D. C., on May 16. Miss Elsie Hepburn, the great-great-grandniece of Commodore Barry, is seen releasing the flag that drapes the statue. Secretary Daniels is standing by her side. An account of President Wilson's speech on this occasion appears elsewhere in this issue

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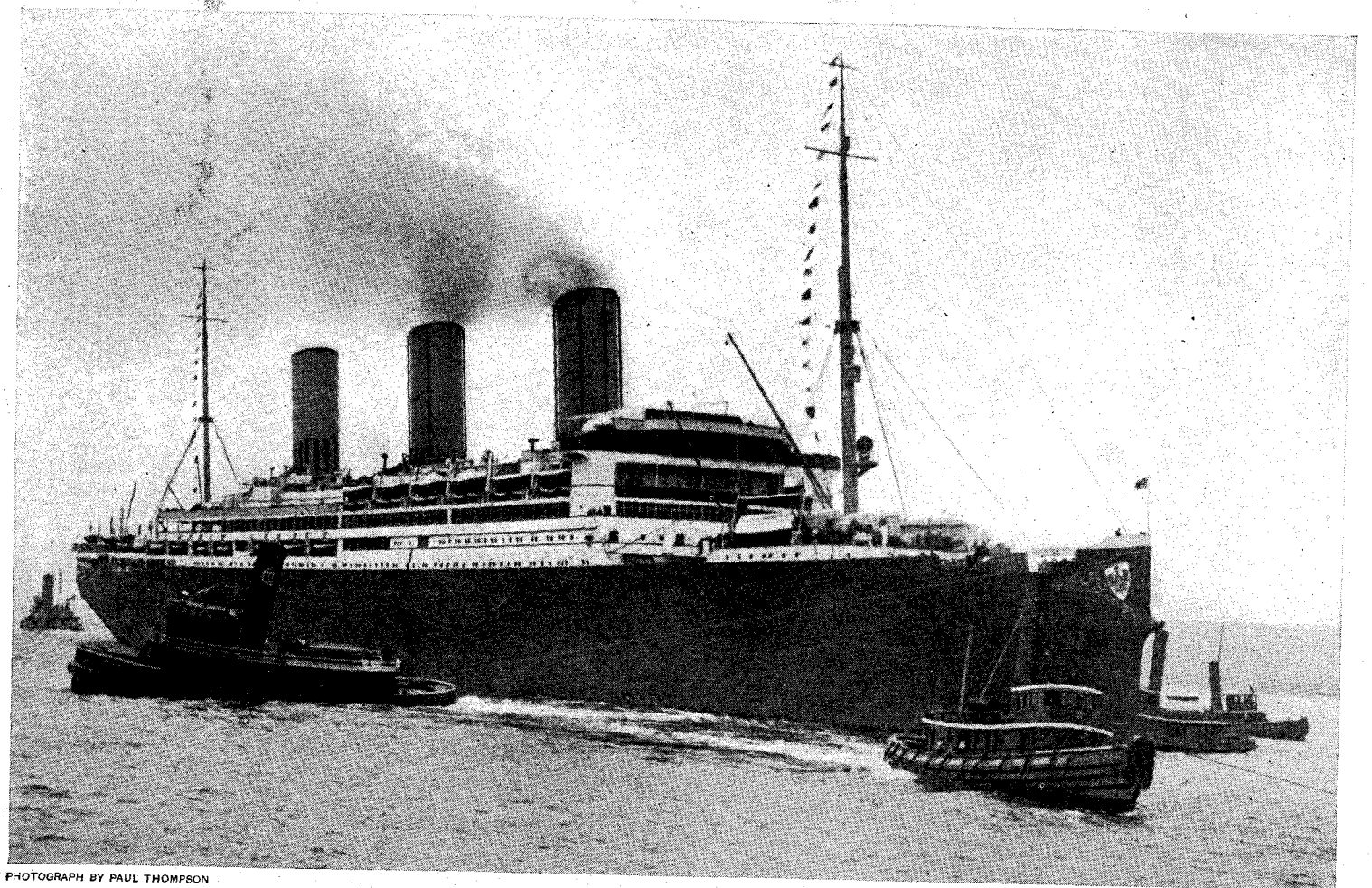

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

THE NEW GIGANTIC OCEAN LINER VATERLAND ENTERING THE NORTH RIVER

This is the largest steamer in the world. She measures 950 feet in length, with a beam of 100 feet, and has a gross tonnage of 58,000. On her trial trip she developed a speed of 26.5 knots per hour. The difficulty of bringing her into the slip was great, and suggests the need of some better way of docking such enormous vessels than is now possible in the North River

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PHOTOGRAPH B. UNDERWOOD & U..DE..WOOD

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S HOUSE-CLEANING

It has become customary for New York City to select one day in the spring for a general house-cleaning. With the co-operation of the Street Cleaning Department, Board of Health, and the school-children, the back yards and cellars are thoroughly cleaned, and the rubbish carted away in hired carts, in addition to the Street Cleaning Department's vehicles. There were many such scenes as the above on May 19

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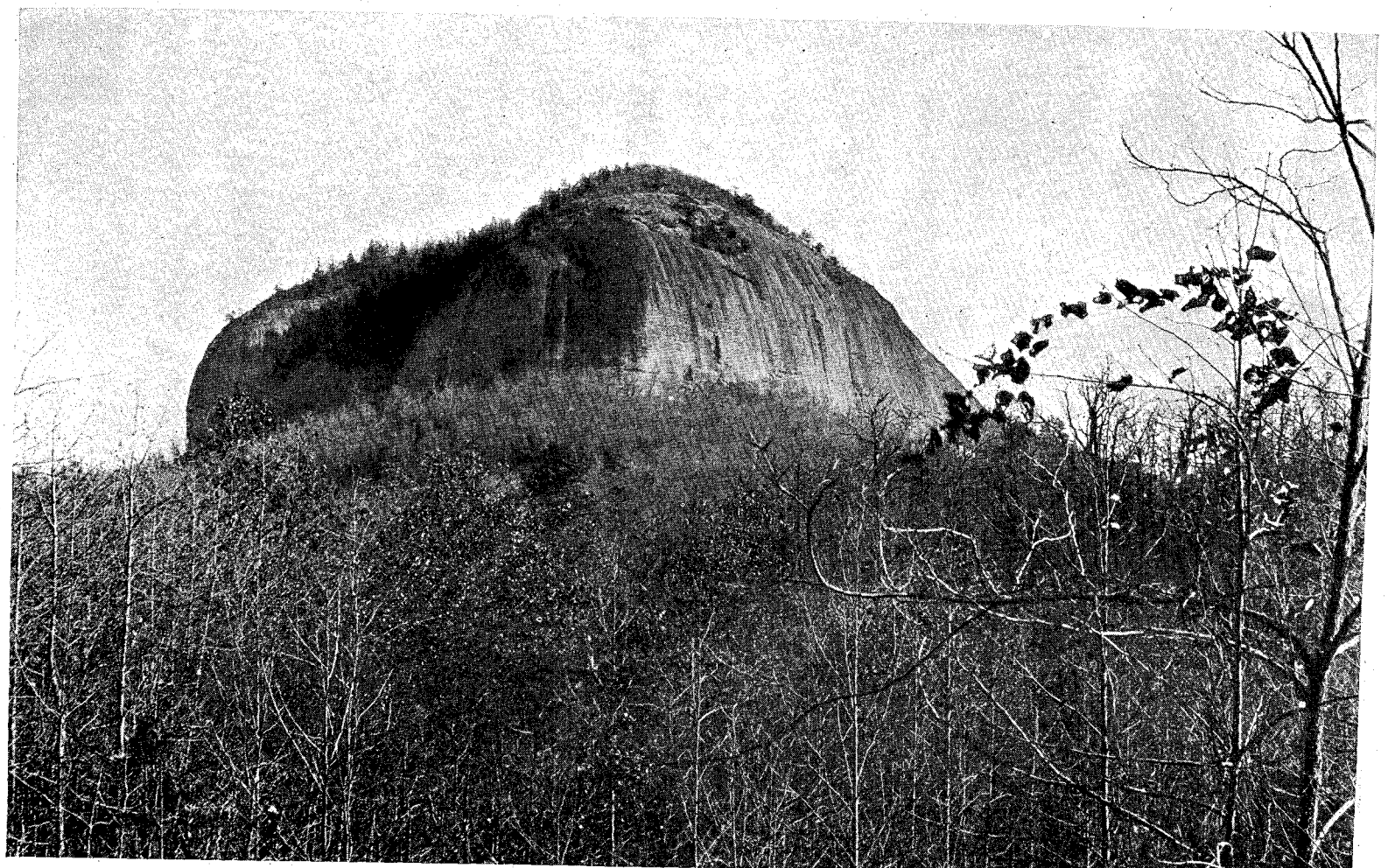

LOOKING-GLASS ROCK, IN THE PISGAH FOREST PARK

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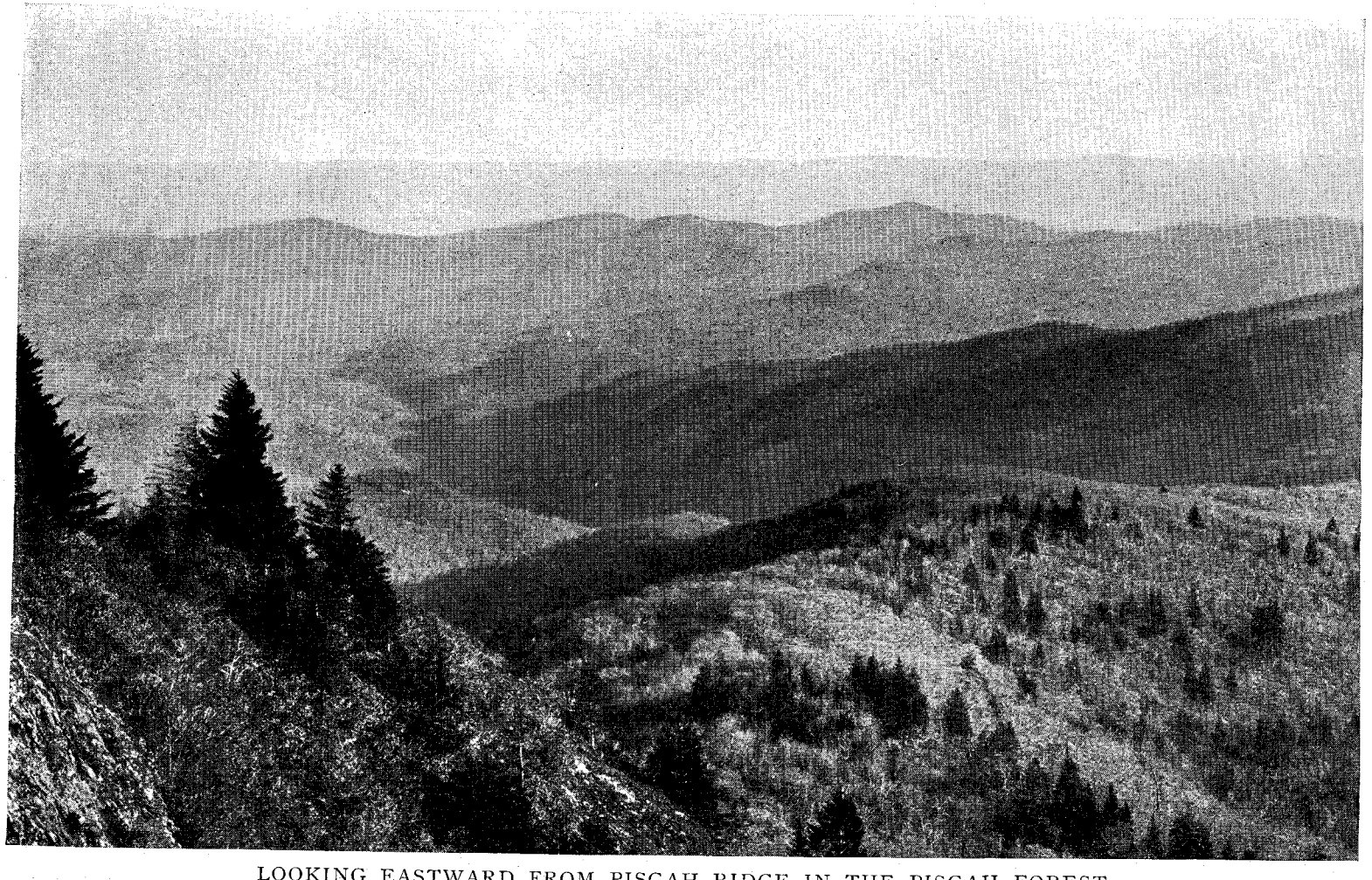

LOOKING EASTWARD FROM PISGAH RIDGE IN THE PISGAH FOREST

The Pisgah Forest lies on the slope of the Pisgah Range in North Carolina. It is over 86,000 acres in extent and belongs to the estate of the late George W. Vanderbilt. Mrs. Vanderbilt has offered to sell it to the United States to become part of the National Forest Reserve. See editorial comment

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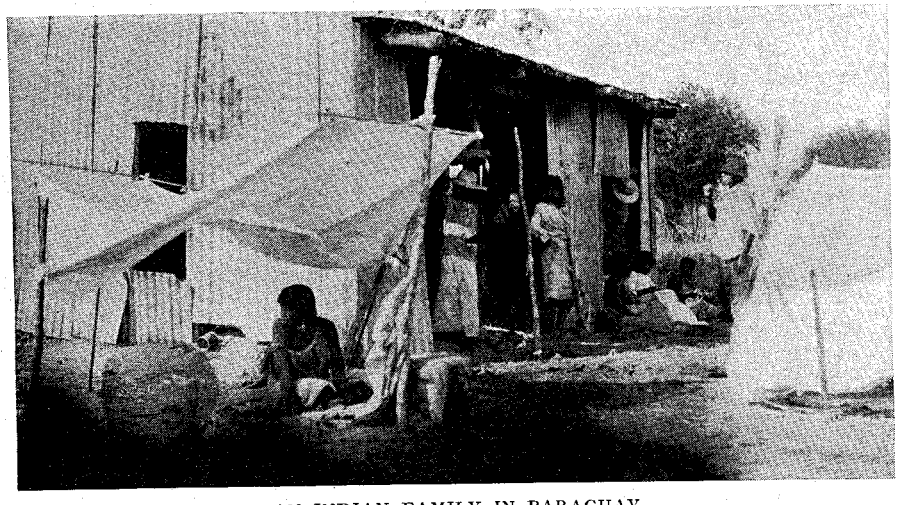
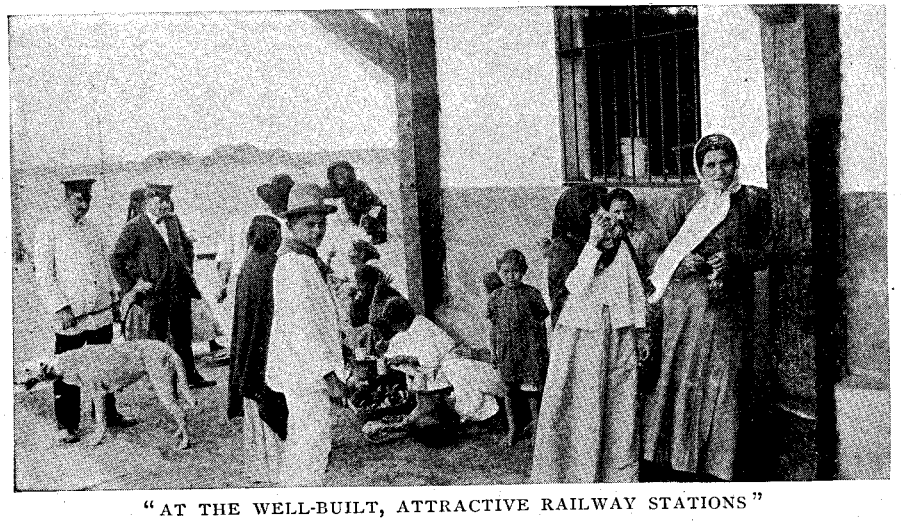
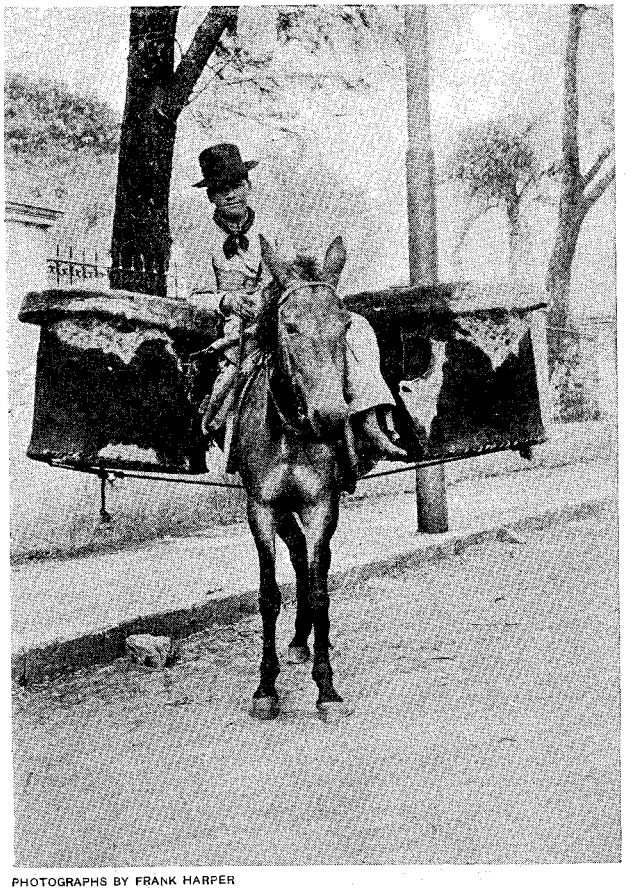


AN INDIAN FAMILY IN PARAGUAY



"AT THE WELL-BUILT, ATTRACTIVE RAILWAY STATIONS"



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK HARPER

MAN DELIVERING BREAD AT ASUNCION

SCENES IN PARAGUAY

See Mr. Roosevelt's article in this issue

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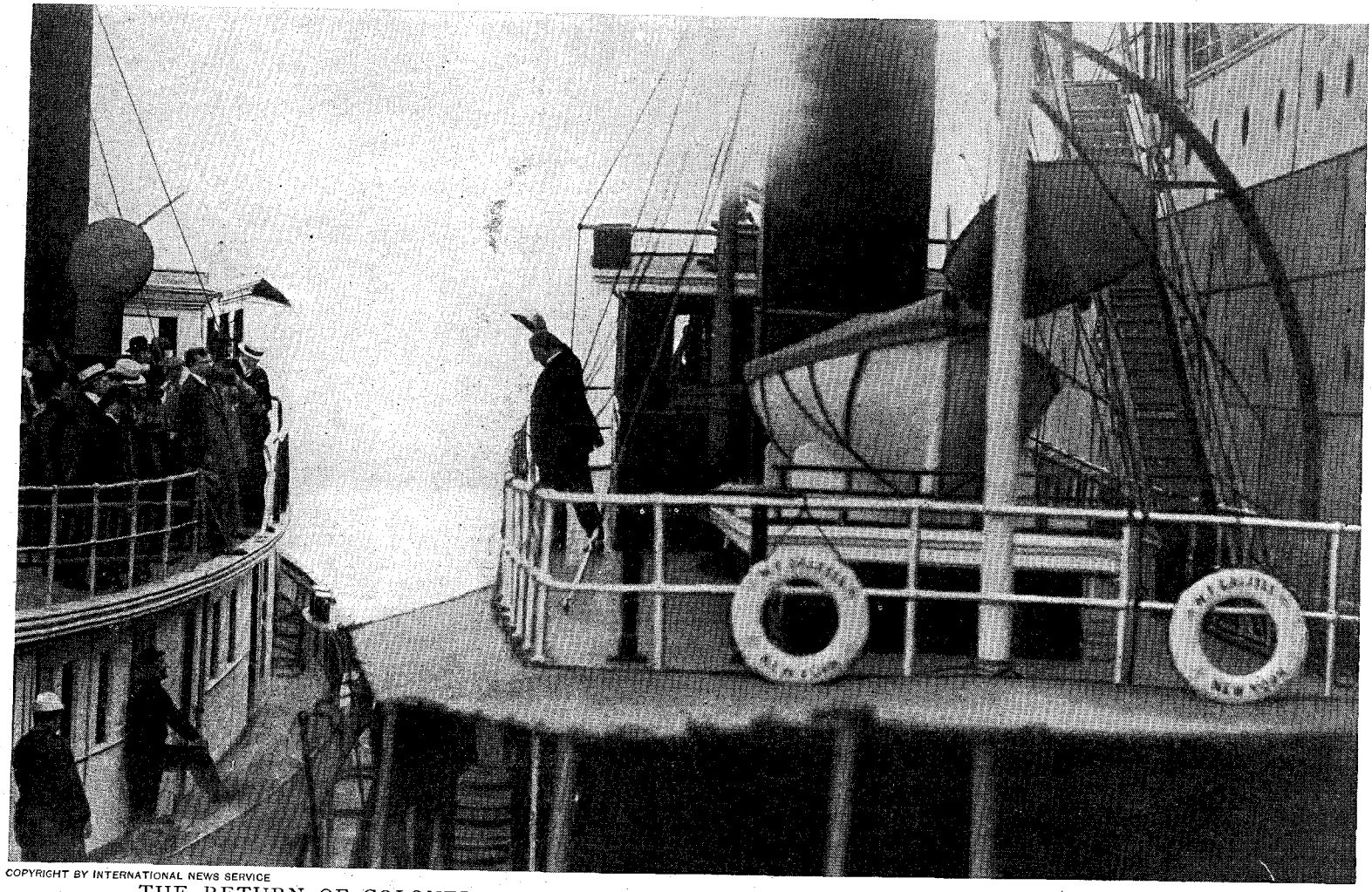

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THE RETURN OF COLONEL ROOSEVELT FROM HIS EXPLORATIONS IN SOUTH AMERICA

Though rapidly recuperating from his severe experiences in the Brazilian tropics, former President Roosevelt still showed the effect of privation. Leaving the steamer Aidan, on which he had come from Pará, Brazil, he boarded a tug, on which, with his family, he went direct to his home at Oyster Bay, Long Island. The picture was taken after he had come down the gangway from the steamer Aidan, shown at the right, and as he was waving his greeting to newspaper men and friends aboard the revenue cutter on the left

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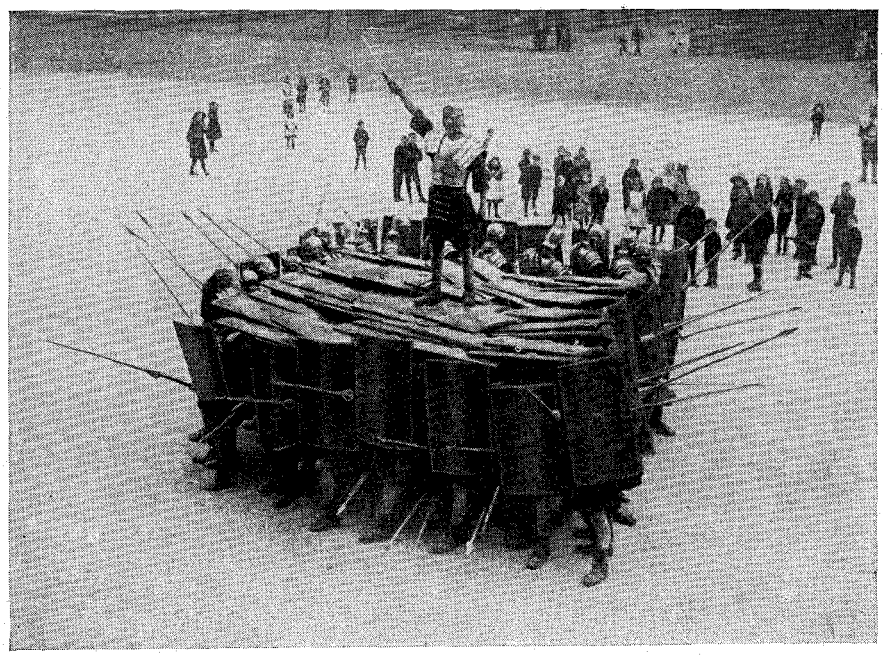
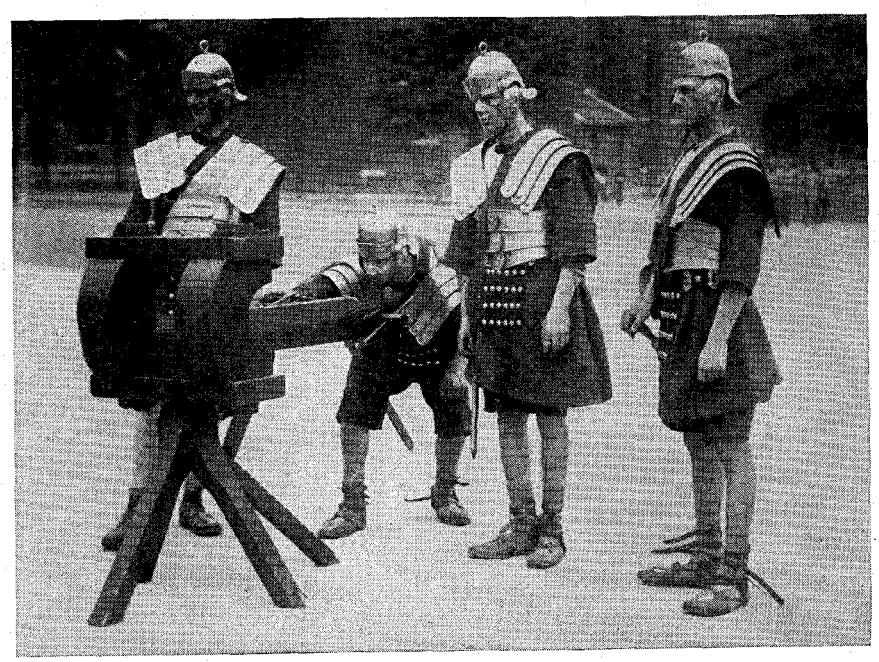


THE HEDGEHOG FORMATION



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM PAUL THOMPSON

FIRING THE BALLISTA

ROMANS IN BRITAIN

Most young people who read Cæsar fail to realize that the Romans were really human beings. There is, however, something human about Roman soldiers photographed. These pictures are of English guardsmen who have been rehearsing ancient military tactics and formations for the Royal Naval and Military Tournament

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first accident, and the derailment of our engine was the last. The Mexicans are poor railway men, but they are learning rapidly. After passing Bachimba Cut, below Chihuahua, where Huerta won his unjustly famous victory over Orozco two years ago, torn-up bridges enlivened the journey every mile or two. Fortunately, the streams under these bridges had dried up, and the train ran around and below the ruined structures on temporary pieces of track called "shoo-flies." The construction of these "shoo-flies" reflects credit on the ability of the Mexican civil engineers, while it is a testimonial to the confidence of the Constitutionalists in their ability to hold the territory already won that as rapidly as possible they are rebuilding the bridges against the coming rains, and are rebuilding them with concrete and steel instead of with wooden cribbing, which could be easily torn down if the tide of war turned backwards.

Riding on the top of our car, as we did, and stopping frequently, we saw the country through which we passed more intimately than would have been possible for a party of tourists. From Chihuahua to Jimenez stretches a beautiful plateau, fertile as California and planted in alfalfa and corn wherever the farmer has assurances from the rebel leaders that his crops will be unmolested. From Jimenez to Torreon, with the exception of the last few miles of the journey, where you travel through the verdant laguna country, the desert that rules above Chihuahua comes into its own again, but in a milder form here, looking like a Gargantuan checkerboard with alternating patches of buff sand and green mesquite, and anon becoming a tangle of savage vegetation, with crucifixion thorn, okatilla, yucca, and yellow-flowering cat's-claw overshadowing the prickly pear with its leaves set at right angles and above each other, the tuna, with its small spiny disks, the wicked Spanish bayonet, and other shorter desert growth. Always, now near, and now far, on the horizon to east and west were the mountains in their tan high lights and deep purple shadows, belted at the base with a deep olive strip of cottonwoods.

The sight of six Americans traveling south excited the curiosity of the natives, whose conviction that all gringoes were cowards was strengthened by the exodus that followed the seizure of Vera Cruz. (We found only sixty-five out of the usual five hundred Americans in the foreign colony at Chihuahua, while at Torreon, including the Consul, three Americans remained of eight hundred.) At every stop the villagers crowded about our car, respectful but keenly curious.

"Aren't you afraid to come back, you gringoes?" asked one old man who boarded our car when we lay at a siding one morning.

It is the truth that, if normal conditions are restored in Mexico without further international complications, the Americans who return will find that they have lost what little of the respect of the natives they may have held. That is one consideration that largely justifies the almost universal contempt of Americans in Mexico for the Department of State.

"We are asked to close our houses and stores and leave the country, as if there was going to be some action," say these men; "but it is only another false alarm. Is the Government going to pay the hotel bills which we run up while we wait in border towns trying to fathom the meaning, if there is any, behind the latest crotchet of 'grape-juice diplomacy'?"

On the other hand, the more far-seeing Americans, like the more sagacious Mexicans, are thankful for the forbearance of President Wilson, but for which the little wooden crosses that line the railway all the way from Juarez to Torreon would by now be planted as thickly as the cactus behind them.

On our train were several soldiers, stragglers going to the front, and among them were a Chinaman and a Negro. The latter was the only full-blooded African in the rebel army; but there are a number of Chinamen and a few Japanese in the ranks of the heterogeneous horde that are fighting for freedom, for fun, or for a peso and a half a day. The Negro had a fine bass voice, which he used frequently to the delectation of his *compañeros*. There were two songs, however, in which they joined with him when he came to the chorus. One was a marching song of the early days of the Madero revolution, and ran like this:

"*Mucho trabajo,*
Nunca dinero,
No hay frijoles,
Que viva Madero."

"Much work,
No money,
No beans,
Let Madero live."

The other ditty was the composition of an American filibuster, and was half chanted,

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half spoken, by the big African, with a slight pause after each syllable and a high quaver at the end:

"Viva Madero!
Goan-a-take Chihuahua;
Viva Madero!
Goan-a-take-a-Juarez;
Viva Madero!
Goan-a-take Chihuahua,
Goan-a-take Chihuahua,
But we'll all be dai-aid."

Or a variation as follows:

"Viva Madero, Orozco tambien!
We'll take Chihuahua, but we don't know when."

In Torreon we found few signs of the bloody battle that had raged there a month before. Bullet-holes had been plugged up and the damage of shells repaired, and but for the closed stores of the exiled Spaniards and the terrible poverty of the inhabitants there was little evidence of the ordeal the city had undergone. On the hills around the city, however, where some of the fiercest fighting of the siege had taken place, there were grimmer relics of the sanguinary days of early April. On all of the hills yet stood the fortifications of the Federals, and on Cerro de la Pila lay the flotsam and jetsam of the tide of battle that had surged there, scattered about in heaps, like the refuse of the ocean tumbled along the high-water mark of a beach. They could hardly be called bodies, those withered mummies and empty husks of men. Where they lay thickest there had been the fiercest of the fighting, the hand-to-hand struggle when the rebels had topped the crest of the hill and had closed in. From one tangle of slain stretched an arm of skin and bone, a long forefinger still crooked as it had pressed a revolver trigger an instant before the *coup de grace* had come to the man behind the gun. A few feet away lay a uniform incasing the skeleton of a boy, one bony hand still clutching an unexploded hand grenade, while at the boy's feet were the two halves of a man divorced by a bursting shrapnel. These and other sights were refutation of the charge that newspaper accounts of the war in Mexico have exaggerated the ferocity of the fighting. It could not be exaggerated.

All sorts of accusations against the soldiers of Mexico are made by their enemies, frequently with a good deal of truth. But there is one charge that should never be believed. That is, that they are cowards. I have seen wounded men undergoing the most painful operations in the hospitals of the Constitutionalists, but I have never heard one whimper. Without turning a hair they stand pain that would make an Anglo-Saxon faint or cry aloud. Their stoicism is the stoicism of the Indian; and their bravery is the heedless, unreckoning courage of a blood-crazed savage on a rampage. It has been well compared, also, to the courage of their horses. A horse will gallop on with other horses dropping all around him, simply because he has no imaginaation. The Mexican soldier has no imagination, and he is a fatalist of the most sublime order. If the charge of the Light Brigade had been made by Mexicans, it would hardly have been celebrated in song by them, because instances of as great bravery—or foolhardiness, if you will—occur in every campaign south of the Rio Grande.

Consideration of the traits of the Mexican soldier is worth while just now when there is so much talk of American occupation of Mexico. To his credit is the bravery of the Mexican soldier, but this in a war with America would be nearly offset by his foolhardiness. The reckless "stunts" of exposure under fire which the Mexicans delight in would never do with American soldiers manning the guns of the enemy. Poor marksmanship, by the way, is the most flagrant fault of the Mexican from a military point of view. In firing from the trenches, the Mexicans frequently do not aim at all, but hold their rifles above their heads, puncturing space until their magazines are empty. As a matter of fact, few of the peons in the ranks of the Constitutionalists ever used a rifle until they enlisted, and they have been extremely slow in learning even the rudiments of marksmanship. I asked one rebel soldier what was the purpose of the elevation sight on his rifle, and he explained that when he screwed it up it gave the gun "*mas polvora, mas poder*" (more powder, more power). Many of the men ignore their sights altogether, firing point blank from the shoulder, irrespective of the distance between them and their target, or shooting carelessly from the hip when the enemy is close. That both sides have been able to kill as many as they have is due wholly to the recklessness with which they fight and to the lavishness with which they use ammunition. Their carelessness in this regard was well exemplified while we were in Gomez Palacio, on the outskirts of Torreon. The soldiers camped in the park at Gomez kept

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up an incessant popping at jackdaws and blackbirds, making life extremely precarious for each other and for bystanders, and on the 5th of May, the anniversary of the defeat of the French at Puebla by Diaz, two hundred and fifty thousand rounds of rifle ammunition were fired away in celebration, irrespective of the fact that a shortage of ammunition seems just now the principal object in the way of the complete triumph of Constitutionalism. Whenever a troop train pulled out for the front the soldiers camped on the car-tops signaled their joy by firing aimlessly skyward, and in three days three men were killed by this sort of skylarking. The officers make no attempt to stop the shooting and the wild whooping of the men on the outgoing troop trains, saying that it betokens a confident frame of mind in the soldiers which is to be desired. The Mexicans who man the big guns of the field artillery are even poorer shots than the riflemen, and for this reason much of the artillery has been handled by foreign soldiers of fortune. The best estimates of the total artillery strength of Mexico places it at about one hundred and thirty pieces of ordnance, with sixty of these held by the Huerta forces, and seventy—all taken in battle from their enemies—in the possession of the forces of the north.

In the event of a wholesale American invasion of Mexico, there would be two or three large battles, which the Americans would win, pounding the enemy to pieces at long range, and then it would be the Philippines all over again, with the Mexicans in their element at this sort of guerilla warfare. A Mexican can go three days without food and one without water, and his horse can do likewise. Every city would have to be garrisoned and every mile of railway patrolled against the roving bands of guerillas that would fight till the last man was shot or captured.

In my last article I said that intervention which would establish a firm government and open schools to reduce the high percentage of illiteracy among the people would be the best thing that has happened to Mexico since the abolition of slavery in that country. It would be, in the long run; but the immediate cost to Mexico, I think, would be terrific, and even in the long run, in my opinion, it would be to the intervening nation or nations what Sherman called war.

Let no one think that if "A B C mediation" becomes "A B C intervention" the Mexicans will submit any more easily than they would to a single nation—awed by the combined power and prestige of the invaders. They will fight to the last man—and boy—and, in fact, to the last woman. The *soldaderas* (the soldier women of Mexico), by the way, are the real heroes of the present struggle. When we reached Torreon, Villa's army was concentrated there to the extent of 25,000 men, and for every man there was a woman, usually two or three women, for the sisters and mothers go along as well as the sweethearts and wives. Of course when the women go the children go, too, and so the town of Torreon presented a picturesque spectacle with families camped in the Plaza, on the sidewalks, in the gutters, even in the very streets; the women cooking beans over small camp-fires and patting tortillas with dirty hands, while their heroes smoked, gambled, and slept wherever they could find a patch of shade. In the shadow of the Banco de Londres y Mexico a fierce-eyed grandmother with a stubborn Indian face smoked *chovritos* and rocked a naked brown baby on her knee, fanning off the flies with a wisp of straw, while the child's mother, a slim, wide-eyed girl with a lavender silk sash about her dirty black dress and with French-heeled shoes on her huge, awkward feet, held in her lap and caressed the head of the hero of the family, a stunted, pockmarked boy of twenty.

The presence of the *soldaderas* makes the task of the commissary officer of a Mexican army a sinecure; in fact, many armies do without this functionary altogether. When on the march along the line of a railway, Villa takes a car-load or two of provisions, which are doled out to the women, but in camp each soldier must provide for himself and his family from his wages. The park at Gomez has been full of *soldaderas* on their knees in the dust hunting for corn spilled from the nose-bags of horses, for the same grain that feeds the Mexican horse is eaten by his master in the shape of tortillas.

The departure of the troop trains from Gomez Palacio for Paredon, the base of operations against Saltillo, was a picturesque sight. Some of the trains contained as many as fifty box cars and flat cars, and carried 1,500 soldiers and their families. Brush was cut and planted on the car tops to provide shade from the blistering sun, and in this shade lay the women, nursing their babies, and sometimes bearing them there. While waiting for the departure the men smoked and sang, or listened to the singing of an old

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wandering minstrel with a harp, an almost toothless, half-blind old man, who has been with Villa's army for months, celebrating each victory with an improvised song which he never sings twice alike. Two verses of his latest composition run something like this:

"These are the men of Francisco Villa,
Who drive before them the Colorados
As the straw that their horses stamp and scatter
In a desert march on a dusty morning.

These men will never flinch in battle,
Like ravens they'll tear out the eyes of Huerta.
Let white-faced gringo pigs beware
Lest they're disemboweled by the men of Villa."

The Colorados, or "red-flaggers," are men of northern Mexico who have chosen to fight their life-long associates and have voluntarily joined the Federals. They are considered traitors, and when captured are invariably forced to interview the firing squad in the shadow of an adobe wall.

A song which is very popular with the Villaistas, and in which the women join as well as the men, is "La Cucuracha" (The Cockroach). The only verses which are sufficiently free from profanity and obscenity to be printed are as follows:

"When we come on back from Juarez,
We will bring with us a plow,
So's to hitch on it like oxen
Old Orozco and Mercado.
. . . . . .
When we go into Chihuahua,
We will go in by the *rostro*[1]
So's to take from old Mercado
That old — — — — Castro.
Chorus:
Oh, the cockroach,
Oh, the cockroach,
Will not move, the old slow-poke;
Because it hasn't,
Because it hasn't,
Any *marihuana*[2] to smoke."

The chorus of this song is from an old nonsense song somewhat similar to our Mother Goose ditties; verses to it are improvised galore.

As a rule the *soldaderas* do not bear arms unless forced to it by scarcity of men, but they fearlessly enter the zone of fire to forage and to nurse the wounded. They are a strange combination of gentleness and depravity, of faithfulness and fickleness—faithfulness to their men, but fickleness to the memory of men and to political causes and parties. When a *soldadera's* man is killed, she hastens to get another, and many of the women with the Villa army were the mates of Federals killed in Torreon. Pal, sweetheart, and servant rolled into one is the *soldadera*, and aborigine to the bone.

After the picturesque features of the war in Mexico one is most impressed by the rapid strides toward reconstruction already accomplished by the Constitutionalists. This is especially noteworthy on the railways. Thirteen hundred miles of railway have already been repaired and more than two hundred bridges rebuilt. Villa is lucky in having as his general manager of railways Eusibio Calzado, a wealthy Mexican, who goes into railroading for the fun of the thing. Though more than fifty per cent of the rolling stock of the Mexican railways has been destroyed in the war, and although the tracks south of Torreon are still in a precarious condition, Calzado despatched twenty troop trains, carrying twenty thousand men, from Torreon to the front in six days.

As Carranza said in his speech from the balcony of the Casino in Torreon last week, the Constitutionalists have reached the point where the military programme is almost second to the work of reconstruction. Just now the money question stands out as the most difficult problem of a civil nature before the Constitutionalists. There are six principal forms of paper currency afloat: the national Constitutionalist issue, the Carranza money of Monclova, the Villa issue of Chihuahua, and the currency of the States of Durango, Sinaloa, and Sonora. The Durango money is partly secured by the property of the merchants who issued it, but the other forms are fiat money pure and simple. In addition to these varieties there are smaller issues of various petty chiefs and provisional checks put out by a number of banks. All the fiat money is really a tax, and can be made good only by a foreign loan, which can be secured only if the Constitutionalists become the recognized *de facto* and *de jure* government of Mexico.

There is a universal desire for gold, which was amusingly illustrated by Villa himself. A wealthy foreign manufacturer had called on Villa to arrange about paying the tax that has been levied upon all industries in rebel territory. The man offered to pay the tax in Villa money.

[1] *Rostro*—slaughter-house.
[2] *Marihuana*—a kind of loco-weed.

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"Oh, I don't want that," said the General. "I can issue all I want of that stuff any time. Give me real money."

Just now the Villa currency is to gold in the ratio of five to one, having been as low as twelve to one and as high as four to one. The merchants turn it into gold at any price rather than keep it on their hands, and many of them are refusing to replenish their stores with merchandise until the money has been guaranteed.

Villa is doing his best to remove from his country an old incubus—the Church—which has been the friend of the capitalist aristocracy and the oppressor of the people since the days of the *conquistadores*.

"I believe in God, but not in religion," Villa told me in his little office in the Bank of London building in Torreon. "I have recognized the priests as hypocrites ever since when I was twenty I took part in a drunken orgy with a priest and two women he had ruined. They are all frauds, the priests, and their cloth, which is supposed to be a protection, they use to entice the innocent. I shall do what I can to take the Church out of politics, and to open the eyes of the people to the tricks of the thieving priests."

Apparently his programme thus far is successful. The only priest I could find in Torreon was in hiding in the house of a wealthy Irishman.

The organization of the Cruz Blanca (White Cross), a body of nurses and doctors similar to the American Red Cross, was Villa's idea, and is a great feather in his cap. This sanitary corps now numbers fifteen doctors and two hundred nurses, and has undoubtedly saved hundreds of lives. Although in numbers and efficiency it is far below the standard of the Red Cross, it is nevertheless the best, indeed almost the only, military sanitary corps that Mexico has ever seen.

Villa has been harshly criticised as a cruel, overbearing, unscrupulous tyrant, but he is the right man in the right place. The only restraint a Mexican soldier knows is fear, and the fear of Villa is strong in all his men. He ordered two men shot for cutting telephone wires by careless shooting recently, and yesterday he heard a drunken soldier wasting ammunition in the street under the *cuartel general*, and, stepping out on a balcony, he threw up his rifle and shot the man through the body. It is a case of sacrificing one to save many, and the result of Villa's stern rule is that he has the best disciplined army in Mexico. A total abstainer himself, he has reduced drunkenness to a minimum among his officers and men, and looting he will not countenance at all. He was the only Constitutionalist officer in favor of peace with America in preference to union with Huerta, and by sheer force of personality he won the others over, nominally at least.

Yet what a thin thread it all hangs on! A bullet in Villa's back—there are many men who would like to put one there—and the old order of drunkenness and looting would be restored and an anti-American outburst almost certain.

Villa's motives in seeking peace with the United States have been misunderstood, because it is not generally realized how much the man has developed under growing responsibility. It is a case of the task making the man, with the pressure of increasing publicity for his every act as another factor in making him toe the mark. He threw his influence against war with the United States, first, because, unlike most of his followers, he realizes the hopelessness of such a war, and, second, I now believe, because of a genuine desire to be free to work out in peace the reforms proposed by the Constitutionalists. Villa has preached patriotism so much that some of it has seeped into his system; he has begun to believe his own words. And every day it is more and more evident that he is the only Mexican strong enough to save Mexico from herself. His strength no one doubts; the only question is in regard to his wisdom. Had he the education of Diaz, he would make another Don Porfirio; as it is, his natural shrewdness and inborn ability in judging men may equip him for the semi-dictatorship which still seems to be Mexico's only alternative to a government bolstered by foreign power.

Having now seen Villa intimately for a week, I am convinced that, whatever his motives were at first, at present he sincerely believes that he is working for the good of Mexico.

No one who was present at a dinner given to Villa and his staff by the war correspondents a few days before the start for Saltillo could have come away with the impression that the man is insincere. He sat at the end of the table lined with perspiring men in shirt-sleeves, with cartridge belts and the butts of six-shooters just showing above the board, sharpening his knife on his fork, obviously tickled to death with the *fiesta*. When

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the big athlete stood up to speak, his huge chest bulging beneath a soft silk shirt, opening to expose his bull neck, he was positively embarrassed. After stammering that he was no speaker and preferred fighting to talking, he forgot his self-consciousness and fairly bellowed out an exhortation for his followers and Americans to practice mutual forbearance and to stand together for the elimination of Huerta. As he spoke his eyes blazed and he hammered the table with his fists, looking not so much like a great general whose name spells terror to his enemies as like a big, earnest boy—the captain of a football team, if you will—urging his companions to fight harder. When he had finished, we gave him what he called a *grito gringo*—three cheers and a tiger—which pleased him more than all the *vivas* of his brother officers.

Intervention by one nation in the politics of another should never be undertaken except as a last resort. As long as there is a possibility of a stable government being established from within we should keep our hands off. At present, thanks to the efforts of the Constitutionalists, and of Villa in particular, it looks to me here as if Mexico ought to have just one more chance.

Torreon, Coahuila, Mexico, May 14, 1914.

GLIMPSES OF PARAGUAY

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ON the morning of December 7 we found ourselves in Paraguay. [See Mr. Roosevelt's article "Good-by to Argentina," in The Outlook for May 30.] It was a rich, fertile, well-watered country, level, with a few hills, and for the most part grassy or swampy plains, broken by clumps of trees or stretches of forest. It was not thickly populated, and it was evident that it was in no way developed to the extent of its possibilities. There was a little agriculture, there were patches of sugar-cane, groves of bananas and oranges, but most of the country was used for grazing. The cattle were for the major part the old longhorn stock, which has been bred out farther south.

Continually we passed through villages, and the inhabitants were usually down at the well-built, attractive railway stations to look at the train as we passed or to speak to us when we stopped. It was Sunday, and we saw girls and women in parties of half a dozen riding to the *pulperias*—the little stores, which are not only stores but bar-rooms also. The women were often barefoot, but their bright blue or red or green bodices and skirts gave them a gay appearance, and they were sometimes decorated with flowers. The countrymen—the peasants—lived in picturesque cabins of mud bricks, with thatched roofs. There were of course many poor buildings in the little towns, but even in the smallest towns there were also some that were well built and attractive. Frequently the men whom we saw riding beside the train were barefoot, with just big toes thrust into the small stirrup rings. Most of the ordinary people, especially the peasants of the lower class, showed strong traces of Indian blood, this blood being dominant in them. But it is a mistake to assert that the lower classes in Paraguay are pure Indian. The lower classes are predominantly Indian, and the upper classes predominantly white; but there is a strong strain of Indian blood in the upper classes, and of white blood in the lower classes; and there is no hard and fast line of demarcation. On the contrary, the colors and the social classes shade into one another by countless gradations. Many of the women, children, and men of the poorest class were obviously almost of pure white blood, and many of our cultivated and charming hosts, who stood highest in the social life of the country, showed strong signs of Indian blood; in some it was even predominant.

In the countries we had hitherto visited the Indian languages are mere dying and isolated fragments, important only in the sense that the Indian languages of the United States are important. But in Paraguay the original Indian language as originally developed and perpetuated by the Jesuit missionaries is still one of the two languages which are almost equally commonly in use. This Indian tongue, the Guarany, belongs to the

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widespread family of Tupi Guarany tongues spread from the north of the Amazon to the Paraguay. It is in universal use throughout Paraguay, and almost everybody understands and uses it. The lower classes in many cases speak Spanish only with difficulty, as a foreign tongue; many of the young men and girls of the middle classes who speak Spanish well nevertheless use Guarany in their own households; and even the most prominent citizens speak it colloquially when addressing their servants. For example, the President of the Republic, an able and powerful man, a successful business man, is the son of a German-Swiss father and a Paraguayan mother. His wife is the daughter of a German father and a Paraguayan mother. Neither of them could speak German, and neither of them had ever been out of the country except to go to Buenos Aires. But, in addition to Spanish, they spoke Guarany fluently, the President being able to make election addresses in it. At a dinner I sat by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and when he had some request to make to the waiter he made it in Guarany.

Paraguay is a very old settled country, the capital city, Asuncion, being considerably older than Buenos Aires, and three-quarters of a century older than any settlement of English-speaking people in the United States. It was for long practically under the control of the Jesuits, who Christianized the Indians and protected them from white aggression; and it was largely this attitude of protecting the Indians against the whites that finally drew down such wrath on the Jesuits as to bring about their expulsion. By the time they were expelled Guarany had become firmly fixed as the tongue of the Christian Indians. The Jesuits translated various books into Guarany. But after their expulsion every effort was made to discourage its use and to make Spanish the sole language of the land. The first book published in Guarany since the expulsion of the Jesuits was a translation of the four Gospels by the English Missionary Society. I was given by a German lady, Countess von Bülow, long a resident of Asuncion, a copy of the Sermon on the Mount printed in parallel columns in Spanish and Guarany. The Guarany rendering of "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God" is "Hohúpÿtÿ mbaé yporaêteba humí oguêrecó potíba ycorazo haécuêra hábarehé ohechabaêra Tûpá-me." The Bible Society has done much in helping the translation of the Scriptures into Guarany. The Catholic Bishop of Paraguay sometimes preaches in Guarany, and when the Positivists, who are a very active body in Brazil and Chile, exactly as in France, undertook a propaganda in Paraguay, some of their professors expounded their faith in Guarany.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs was greatly interested in the language, and told me much about it. I said to him that I hoped that as soon as possible some Paraguayan scholar would make a collection of the folk tales and poetry which must flourish abundantly in the Guarany tongue. He told me that I was right; that there was very much poetry, mostly of love, and a great number of folk-tales, many of which were interesting. One of the Guarany songs which is very short he repeated to me. It expresses exactly as any Occidental love poetry would describe, and with much the same use of similes, the lover's desire for his mistress—the world-old song of praise and desire. The Guarany dialect stands on a totally different footing from the ordinary Indian dialects. Many Spanish words have been adopted into it, and it has become the conversation medium of a people who, though with much more Indian than white blood in their veins, have nevertheless inherited, although in simple form, a European culture. The Paraguayan peasant who speaks only Guarany and a little Spanish is a Christian whose ways of life and habits of thought are more nearly akin to those of the poor inhabitants of out-of-the-way nooks in southern Spain and Italy than they are to those of the wild Indians. In short, at the present time Guarany in Paraguay occupies much the position that a century or two ago Magyar occupied in Hungary, and while of course it may die out, it is also possible that it will persist, just as Magyar and Finnish and Basque, all three non-Aryan tongues, have persisted in Europe.

Asuncion, where we spent forty-eight hours, is a delightfully picturesque city, although the streets are badly paved and the lighting is poor. It is much more like an old-time Spnnish-American city than it is like Rio or Buenos Aires or Santiago. It has a peculiar charm of its own. The houses are, with few exceptions, only a story high. They have deep pillared porticoes, high ceilings, and long windows, and within there are open courtyards, crowded with flowers and beautiful trees and surrounded by galleries. Some-

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times pictures are painted on the walls, inside and outside. Sometimes the walls may be colored rose or blue instead of being left white or gray. Often the houses have gardens about them. The whole city is bowered with strange tropical trees. Some at the time of our visit bore masses of red or pink flowers, others bore yellow flowers, others lilac or blue, others white. There is a trolley line in the streets and automobiles; but I was informed that both are of the most recent introduction, the trolley lines having been built six months before our arrival, and the first automobile brought in not much more than a month before we came. The old methods of transit and carriage have not been affected. Bullock carts and mule carts pass to and fro, and strings of women, on donkeys, with red bodices or black mantles. Riders from the country come in, often barefooted; one very shabbily dressed man wore on his bare feet two handsome silver spurs. The market-place is filled with chattering and bargaining women. After sunset people sit in the little plazas, and the fragrance of the glowing tropic plants comes in gusts on the air, while the girls of every shade, from pure white to dark Indian brown, lean from the windows, singly or in groups, and the men walk the streets or sit at the little tables in the open-air cafés. There were two picturesque and attractive hotels—although this does not mean that visitors must expect to avoid an occasional tropical drawback to their comfort. Personally, thanks to the courtesy of an ex-President of the Republic, I was lodged in a big, handsome house with a lovely garden; it had deep porticoes, and long windows which could be opened wide to let in the cool night air or completely darkened to keep out the midday sun.

The President took us on his yacht, or gunboat, for an afternoon's run up the river and back. We went to a place known as Villa Hayes, so named after ex-President Hayes, whose memory the Paraguayans esteem because under his direction an arbitral court sat in a case between them and one of their powerful neighbors, and the decision was in their favor. The United States cannot make a practice of interfering unasked in quarrels between its neighbors, but where both sides seek its good offices they should always be given.

The trip on the river was very pleasant. The company on the boat included as pretty and well-dressed women and girls as one would see anywhere, while I was fortunate enough to meet some very intelligent and cultivated men. If a man cannot enjoy the social life of Asuncion, with its high-bred, polished, and kindly men and women, he may be sure that the fault lies with him and not with his hosts. There are a number of students who had studied in American colleges and universities, others who had studied in Europe. These offer admirable material for citizenship, and can be of real help to their countrymen, always provided, of course, that they keep in touch with these same countrymen of theirs so as to know not only their needs but their demands and possibilities, and therefore the ways in which they can really be helped.

In Paraguay, as elsewhere, men to whom I talked sometimes incidentally remarked that history had shown that it was not possible to have as high civilization in the tropics as in the cold and temperate regions. I always answered that we must not dogmatize about history from insufficient data. The average man tends to speak as if a century indicated a remote historic past, and as if a thousand years was practically infinity. As a matter of fact, we can trace back civilization for nearly ten thousand years; and for many tens of thousands of years previously there must have been growing some partial civilization of which we have now lost all trace. The earliest civilizations of which we have any full and clear record, those of the Nile and Mesapotamia, were placed, one in sub-tropical, and one in very warm temperate, conditions. During the thousands of years that they flourished all the colder regions of the earth, even including Greece and Italy, were the seats of barbarism. Then for a thousand or fifteen hundred years more the highest civilization did not spread northward beyond Greece and Italy. Civilization, especially as it has been the product of cold northern regions, is historically a very modern affair; and from the standpoint of the palæontological record of man's life on this globe it has occupied but a minute of time.

The really extraordinary feat that has been accomplished by those responsible for making the city of Rio de Janeiro what it now is shows that we must beware of dogmatizing overmuch as to the inability of the tropics again to sustain a high civilization. Dr. Kruse, in his laboratory outside of Rio, Dr. Brazil, in his laboratory outside of São Paulo, are pioneers in the work of extirpating the deadly

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diseases which have been the most fatal obstacles to the growth of an energetic civilization in the tropics. Effective warfare against these deadly diseases, for the most part borne by insects, by microbes, or even by low fungoid plants, has really been carried on only for the last two decades. The next half-century or century may show such advances in our power of grappling with the evil forces of tropical nature as to enable man not only to live but to keep his full energy in the tropics. If so, the tropics may once more become the seat of the highest civilizations.

Paraguay has suffered in the past chiefly because of its repeated revolutions, which have prevented the industrial growth of the country. After she, in agreement with the other South American countries, secured independence from Spain she fell under a series of very extraordinary dictatorships—dictatorships of a character such that under them it was quite impossible that the capacity for self-government could develop. Then came the frightful slaughter of the war which Paraguay waged against the triple alliance of Brazil, the Argentine, and Uruguay. With an obstinate courage that had in it a quality of high heroism, Paraguay for five years defended herself against an overwhelming superiority in strength, and at least three-fourths of her male population died, and multitudes of her women and children as well. Since then it is natural and inevitable that the growth should have been slow. Nevertheless, the Paraguayan people have admirable qualities, and all, high and low, have a feeling of devoted affection for their country. They have a rich land, and if they can but achieve political stability and order their development will proceed as rapidly as that of their great and prosperous neighbors. The twentieth century is the century of South America.

Already there are prosperous industries in Asuncion. I call to mind, for instance, a great German mercantile firm and the English bank. At the station we were met by an old friend, one of our own countrymen, G. L. Rickard, who afterwards went up the river with us, a thirty-six-hour journey, to his ranch. He lives across the Paraguay, on the western side of the river. He already has forty-two thousand head of cattle, and the company to which he belongs has purchased a large tract of land at twenty-five cents an acre. There is an excellent chance for business success in Paraguay. Of course in such a country a man must have special qualities to enable him to succeed; but if he has those qualities he will succeed.

Education is moving forward in Paraguay, although not as fast as it has moved forward in certain other South American countries. They have started an organization of Boy Scouts, who paraded in my honor just after I had visited the Art Museum, where some devoted men are deserving well of their country by doing all that they can for the cause of art. In one vital essential the life of Paraguay is on a thoroughly sound basis. I don't think I ever saw a country where there were more babies!

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COMMERCE AND FINANCE

A WEEKLY ARTICLE BY THEODORE H. PRICE

THE COST OF PRODUCING CREDIT—AN ACCURATE BAROMETER OF TRADE—SOME UNNECESSARY EXPENSES OF RAILWAYS

The "Cost of Producing" Credit. In a recent article I remarked that current rates for "money" were so low as to be practically at the irreducible minimum, and I advised those who had legitimate use for borrowed capital to provide themselves with what they were likely to require while credit was still cheap.

This suggestion has elicited a large number of inquiries as to what was meant by the "irreducible minimum" in the matter of interest rates. These inquiries indicate that the average man still confuses money with credit, and the very fact that we still speak of the credit or loan market as the "money" market makes the confusion persistent.

Most people when negotiating a loan at a bank say they are borrowing "money" and think of the interest they agree to pay as entirely profit to the lending institution. What they really borrow is a credit which is in effect transferred to their account from the accounts of other persons, and the interest charged on this credit is the cost of mobilizing it, plus the bank's profit for the service performed and the risk assumed.

This is rudimentary, and yet there are few borrowers who stop to think of the cost of centralizing credit so that it may be available when needed. The elements of this cost are numerous. To commence with, there are the ordinary expenses of any banking organization; the salaries of its officers and clerks, the office rent, heat, light, stationery, postage, and printing; the cost of expensive vaults and their protection; the expenses of clearing-house membership and of membership in all the other organizations to which a bank is expected to belong. Then there are losses by bad debts, and the various risks of forgery, defalcation, and fraud incidental to the business.

There must also be considered the interest paid by banks on balances kept with them. The resources of the larger banking institutions in our great cities are for the most part the balances of other banks, bankers, or corporations that are in turn the repositories of funds that belong to third parties. A balance of $100,000 to the credit of a Cleveland bank on the books of a New York institution may be the reserve which the Cleveland bank is carrying against the balances of twenty smaller banks in Ohio and Indiana.

In order to secure this balance the New York depository must be willing to share with the Cleveland correspondent the cost of concentration; and so there has grown up the practice of paying interest on current balances. There are few banks or trust companies in New York or elsewhere in the United States that do not now pay interest on substantial balances.

I am informed that the rate of interest so paid averages about 2½ per cent, to which must be added about ½ per cent for the overhead charges of administration. In the case of a bank with $50,000,000 deposits this allowance of ½ per cent is equal to $250,000 per annum, which is a low estimate of the necessary outlay for salaries, rent, light, heat, stationery, legal advice, advertising, etc., to say nothing of occasional bad debts.

On this basis the cost of accumulation is at least 3 per cent. It is, however, important to remember that under the Federal Reserve Bill the banks in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis can only loan 82 per cent of their deposits. The remaining 18 per cent must be held as reserve. On this reserve no interest can be obtained. Therefore, if it costs a bank $3,000 to secure each $100,000 of its deposits, the lendable $82,000 must be put out at a rate which will yield at least $3,000. This is almost exactly 3.66 per cent, which is probably slightly less than the average cost of the credit purveyed by the lending institutions of the "Central Reserve" cities.

From the foregoing, it would seem probable that if a bank with $50,000,000 of deposits could keep all of its lendable resources constantly out at 4 per cent, it would neither make nor lose much money. It is not, however,

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regarded as sound banking policy for a bank in a Central Reserve city to have more than sixty per cent of its deposits invested in other than demand obligations. These demand obligations constitute what is called the "secondary reserve," which may be contracted or expanded from day to day in response to the variation of deposit liabilities.

The theoretical ideal of most bankers in Central Reserve cities is that each $100,000 of deposits shall be invested about as follows:

Primary reserve in cash (and reserve banks when organized)	$18,000
Secondary reserve in demand loans	22,000
Loans on time running from three to six months	40,000
Invested in prime securities readily convertible	20,000
Total	$100,000

Inasmuch as 4 per cent is rarely obtainable on demand loans, for which the rate averages hardly more than 2 per cent, it is plain that in order to realize cost and a profit of ½ per cent on the credit balances accumulated, a bank must use each $100,000 of deposits, costing, say, $3,000, about as follows:

In reserve	$18,000, earning nothing.	
Lend on demand	22,000, at 2%, yielding	$440
Lend on time	40,000, at 5½%, "	2,200
Invest in securities	20,000, at 4½%, "	900
Total		$3,540

This analysis and the conclusions drawn therefrom may not express the views or reflect the experience of all bankers. Some institutions that are exceptionally fortunate in their clientele may be able to mobilize credit at a first cost of less than 3 per cent, and others that have unusual opportunities to make a semi-speculative profit on securities bought and sold may find it remunerative to accept less than 5 to 5½ per cent for the funds they are content to lend on time.

Most conservative bankers will, however, agree that, in order to realize the cost of "producing" or centralizing credit, it is necessary to get at least 4½ per cent for that portion of it that can be conservatively invested in obligations that are not instantly convertible.

If this be true, then credit is selling at less than the "cost of production" whenever it can be borrowed for three months or longer at below 4½ per cent, and, as a general rule, those who buy below the average cost of manufacture make no mistake. It is upon this theory that I have advised those who have legitimate use for borrowed capital to forestall their requirements as far as possible at present low rates.

An Accurate Barometer of Trade has long been sought for by students of commercial conditions. In England and America the market for iron and steel has for many years been regarded as reflective of activity or stagnation, not only in the metal trade itself, but in business generally.

It has been assumed that a demand for iron and steel evidenced constructive activity, and that a contraction in this demand foreshadowed unemployment, slack business, and hard times.

The fact that the iron trade is at present undoubtedly more or less depressed, and that the Steel Corporation reports a smaller total of unfilled orders than for some time, is constantly cited in support of the theory that a revival of business is likely to be long deferred.

The inactivity reported at the steel mills is in such contrast with the increased bank clearings, the increased consumption of cotton, the increased demand for copper, and the gross railway earnings for March and April, to say nothing of the manifest improvement in the silk industry and many other less important occupations, that some close observers are beginning to ask whether it is any longer reasonable to generalize with regard to business from conditions in the iron and steel industry.

When American railway mileage was being rapidly increased, and before the era of concrete construction, it was probably true that a falling off in the inquiry for iron foreshadowed a diminished demand for most other things; but now that the country has been fairly well developed, there are a great many profitable industries in which iron and steel are not used.

It is also to be considered that in the evolution of the steel industry the tendency has been constantly toward the reduction of weight and the increase of strength. This makes the "tonnage," in terms of which the Steel Corporation's unfilled orders are reported, a somewhat misleading measure of the demand.

I therefore venture to suggest to those who seek a "trade barometer" that is really sensitive to the conditions which affect our entire population that they should hereafter use the consumption of cotton in the United

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States, as now reported every month by the Census Bureau.

There is hardly a person or an industry in the United States that does not use cotton or cotton goods in some form. From the cradle to the grave, and the layette to the shroud, cotton cloth is a necessity to the individual. Flour is put up in cotton bags, hams are incased in cotton cloth, jewelry is packed in cotton. It provides the padding for our carpets and softens the seats in churches and in theaters. It is even used in the manufacture of moving-picture films and automobile tires.

From one quality of cotton a very good imitation of silk is made, and another is an important element in the manufacture of "all wool" goods.

Notwithstanding the universality with which cotton is used, the consuming power of the people should be reflected in the quantity manufactured and sold. In hard times the compulsion of necessity will make those who have not the money to spend more economical in the use of cotton goods. Shirts, sheets, and frocks can somehow be made to last longer when we feel unable to buy new ones than when every one is prosperous and extravagant.

I seriously urge that the "cotton barometer" be substituted for the less sensitive and accurate iron instrument, and would remark that its readings thus far during the year 1914 show a consumption of cotton in the United States substantially in excess of 1913 or any year previously in the history of the country.

Some Unnecessary Expenses of Railways was the subject of a paragraph in The Outlook of April 16. A railway officer in Kansas City who read that paragraph writes in regard to the unnecessary cost of soliciting traffic as follows:

> You are pre-eminently sound. I wish some one with the time to spare would get the statistics on the cost of maintaining the soliciting forces of the railways in this country—salaries, expense accounts, clerks, stenographers, rents, etc. It would be found appalling—I use the word advisedly. You may not be aware that one of Jay Gould's pet hobbies was the finding of some feasible way to do away with this enormous expense. What good does it do? If all the freight solicitors with headquarters in Kansas City—and there is a small army of them—were to make a week's canvass of, say, Joplin, the people of Joplin would not eat one more loaf of bread, burn one more ton of coal, or wear one more pair of shoes than they would have consumed if the little army had not paid them a visit. These solicitors originate no business; their work is solely to get a share of what moves naturally.
>
> There are eleven through passenger trains each way daily between Kansas City and Chicago; less than half the number could do the business. This is only one of many similar situations.
>
> All of this expense could be eliminated if the railways were allowed to pool in some way equitable to all interested. And why shouldn't they be given this sensible way out? For, as you pertinently point out, the Inter-State Commerce Commission absolutely prevents competition, as all rates must be approved by that honorable body.

The views of the correspondent quoted suggest that it is about time for the railways to secure permission to increase their incomes by reducing expenses as well as by increasing gross earnings.

The history of the United States shows that the American people and their representatives rarely fail to yield to the force of an argument that is economically sound if it is presented with cogency, persistency, and reiteration.

It is perfectly obvious that, until the railways are allowed to pool their earnings, the cost of transportation to the public will be unnecessarily increased by competitive solicitation that does not improve or convenience the service.

If the railways will expend the same ingenuity and energy that was used in behalf of higher freight rates in bringing the Inter-State Commerce Commission to an appreciation of this truism, a way will be found to make pooling possible.

Most railway officers are agreed that, except in special instances of dense traffic, the passenger business is unprofitable. On the average the railways get about seventy cents for carrying a passenger and his baggage thirty-three miles.

The heavy expense of terminals, the interference with the freight service, and the increased cost of maintenance made necessary by fast passenger trains absorb a very large portion of this seventy cents. What is left hardly pays the actual expense of transportation, to say nothing of the outlay required to keep the equipment up to date and conduct a dining-car service at a loss.

The passenger traffic must be carried; but it is not necessary that five or six roads

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should run expensive and half-filled through trains between common points when the traveling public could be just as well, and perhaps better, served by half the number.

The railways maintain in Washington a "Bureau of Railway Economics." Here is a problem to which that Bureau could address itself with great advantage to the public and the transportation industry. Publicity for the facts will develop a remedy.

THE SPECTATOR

AMID shrieks of laughter, the "revolvator" moved up and down on its vertical uprights, carrying a load of ten lively school-girls beside the elevator-man. Like one of Lewis Carroll's celebrated compound words, "revolvator" is a picturesque name for the revolving portable elevator, which can be wheeled around a mill or factory to any place where its services are needed to hoist material or carry employees and workers. Also, like a political party, "it will elevate anything that will go on the platform—we guarantee this." The man at the crank seemed to have no difficulty with the load in this instance, and said he was accustomed to revolvating anything from cotton bales and iron girders to upright pianos. He invited the Spectator to take the platform in his turn, but there was not time for that, for all the rest of the Textile Show was to be seen.

It was the fourth annual Show, so the bulky book of the programme said, but the first for the Spectator, and apparently for many others. This was especially so that afternoon, because it happened to be Children's Day, and the Boston schools had sent their hundreds of boys and girls. Laughing and chattering, clustered deep around the popular exhibits, laden with the leaflets and samples that many exhibitors gave away, the children were a part of the show. Also they belonged to it, many of them, as textile workers of the future. "My sister does that, and I'm going into the mill next year," said an Italian girl with pride, as she followed her teacher past the power looms, with their swift electric motors. If there was one thing the textile industry seemed to emphasize, it was electric motors, for King Cotton is an up-to-date monarch.

His courtiers, too, are an efficient and modern set. The big Mechanics' Building was crowded with men, alert, strong-faced, with capable hands and well-shaped heads. The New England mill-owner, mill-worker, machinist, electrician, business manager, efficiency expert, inventor, advertiser, all were there in force. Comparatively few women, except the teachers, were in the pausing throngs; but these few that did come seemed to be workers for the most part. They stopped before the looms and discussed matters unknown to the Spectator, such as whether the automatic "counters" for piece-work, recording the product and the various units of yards, "picks," etc., were beneficial to the piece-workers as well as time-saving. These little counters were neat and ingenious affairs (some of them were in clock form, others in indicator style), and of course absolutely impartial, as these practical judges agreed. "When I first went down to Fall River to install them," said the man in charge of the exhibit to the Spectator, "I was told to keep close, for the workers had it in for me. But when I went down later, after the strike, I found the counters were popular with them, because of the fairness of the count."

The spirit of the Show, evidenced at every turn, was pleasantly progressive on the point of industrial welfare. Exhibit after exhibit emphasized sanitation, prevention of accident, better air, better lighting, etc. The place where air was being washed and "humidified" always had a group of interested lookers-on and listeners to the fluent young demonstrator. This exhibit had a window where the air was drawn in—a realistic looking brick-framed window, through which the air, good, bad, or indifferent, passed into a chamber filled with flying water like the Cave of the Winds at Niagara. This was the part the children liked. The washed and cooled atmosphere pressed on through a second chamber, where the actual water

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dripped out of it, leaving only a refreshed and cooling draught. Where it came out, under an American flag that it kept out straight on its steady breeze, it did not seem at all moist—only pure and pleasant. But it has just moisture enough to keep the threads of cotton, silk, etc., from drying and breaking. "It increases production fifty per cent, and the girls don't faint, as they do in close, hot rooms," explained the exhibitor. "You can keep the mill cool on a hot day, or, by using this regulator and steam heat, you can heat the air in cold weather, thus keeping a perfectly even working temperature all the year round. The used-up air is drawn out of the rooms at one end as the pure, clean air comes in at the other. We wash the same air over and over again, and sometimes the machine gets four or five buckets of mud out of the air of a manufacturing plant in a day, while one New York public school eliminates five buckets a week. Jewelry factories put in air-washers like this so as to collect the tiny particles of metal that are sent off in the buffing and polishing wheels, and some of them have recovered enough gold, platinum, and so on in a few months from the washer to more than pay for its installation. One air-washer in a New York hotel dining-room not only cleaned the air but cooled it ten degrees in the heats of last summer, making it a very popular place to dine in the dog days. Theaters, schools, and churches all need air-washers." This air-laundry idea had several other exponents at the Show, but the others, as far as the Spectator could see, sent the washed air out in a visibly moist condition from apparatus that looked like a shower-bath turned upward. From these "tangentially clustered atomizers" (shades of Johnson and Boswell!) the moist, continual puffs looked as if they might rust everything in a room if they kept on—but perhaps the disadvantage is only imaginary.

There are by-products to everything. Thus the manufacturers of great carding machines also featured in their exhibit the "Sanitary Slicker for Cats and Dogs," a sort of tiny hand carding-comb, in twin sets, one for pussy and the other for Fido. As the Spectator's fireside boasts only a common or garden cat, not worth, on a dispassionate valuation, even the classic thirty cents, he did not indulge in the Sanitary Slickers to the tune of one dollar the set. But they sold to the pet-pampering public in great style. A knitting machinery exhibit had a duplicate of a special sweater made for ex-President Taft on a headless dummy of heroic size, and another knitting company had rainbow bands of Angora sweater wools that moved every school-girl to ask, unavailingly: "Please, do you give those for samples?"

The chain drive for machines—linked steel belting, running on toothed wheels—interested the Spectator. Chain belts do not slip, as leather belts do, the agent explained, losing only some two per cent of power, and they require much less room. "In the Triangle Waist fire in New York the long leather belting took up room and encroached on the aisles. This is a safer belting, shorter, never-slipping." Up and down the Show "Safety First" had its innings in a hundred ways, of which this was but one. The factory architects had something to say on this line, too, and showed safe, sane, and sanitary plans.

On the stage, removed both in space and time, was a textile exhibit dating back to New England's first spinners and weavers. Back and forth at a big wooden wheel stepped a gray-haired spinner, drawing out the woolen thread, while another sat at a smaller wheel, spinning flax, and a third was tying the warp in a hand-loom more than a century and a half old. Good workers these—but what a gulf between their work and that of the white-aproned girls who were beside the mighty motor-driven looms and spindles on the main floor! Yet to-day is not content to look back at yesterday. It looks forward more keenly than ever toward to-morrow. On one booth was what might have been the motto of the whole striving, whirring, inventive Show—"You're Only Beaten When You Cease Competing;" and up in the gallery the man who showed Edison's dictating machine to a group of interested stenographers declared: "After this machine, only one thing more to be invented in this line—thinking the words right onto the paper. Perhaps it will never come to that sort of wireless—but there's never any telling what can be done next."

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THE NEW BOOKS

THE BACKGROUND OF GOOD TALK

So many pithy and delightful talks are reported in the "Letters of Charles Eliot Norton"[1] that one is tempted to revise the conviction that good talk cannot be transmitted beyond the circle which listens as it winds in and out, like a clear stream through an undiscovered country, with flashes of light playing over it. The course of the stream may be traced, but the landscape and the light escape; they are incommunicable. Many a man has gone to his room after an evening with the gods, resolved to set down in black and white for future delight the give and take, the glow of temperament, the flash of wit, the illumination of thought, that have made the evening memorable, and has found that there are experiences in life so intimately part of the moment and the place that they cannot be preserved even by the most sensitive medium of registry. The best talk flows from the depths of personality, reflects swiftly changing moods, and is so subtly directed and colored by the reaction of mind on mind that it can no more be detached and reported than a voice can be described.

But the background of good talk is often so skillfully sketched that the group can be seen, if it cannot be heard. How charmingly this can be done this sketch of an evening at Craigie House shows: "Then I went to the cars, got home, where Clough was waiting for me, dressed in such a superb and radiant manner as to excite . . . a threat from him that Hawthorne would be so dazzled he could not talk—and then we walked warmly together to Craigie House. Longfellow was pleasant and Mrs. Longfellow more beautiful than ever, and set their guests in harmonious accord with each other and themselves. Lowell was very sparkling and full of sympathetic animation. Hawthorne was heavy and dark-browed, quiet, serious, reserved, finding it hard to say that Alcott sometimes bored him. . . . Emerson was very amiable and talked very pleasantly about various books and people and things. Sam Longfellow was modest, thoughtful, and for the most part listening. Clough and I were as usual, and we had such a good time that even he was able to praise it. And yet there was nothing said at the dinner and all through the afternoon which I can remember to repeat. Is not that a test that everything said was good?—so good that no one stood out in smart pre-eminence over the rest."

While some golden threads remained in memory, the web of which they were part was so fragile and elusive that it was luminous only as the web that shines for a moment in the earliest rays of the sun, and then perishes.

In these happy phrases, too, the conditions which invite good talk are suggested. It is probable that there never has been a larger group of men and women of more alert intelligence and quick wit within reach of one another than the men and women whom one finds in these "Letters;" they are very good company in every way, and one gets from these pages a sense of the variety and interest of life as they took it and used it; there have been greater people, but none more delightfully endowed with vivacity and readiness of mind.

But the brain is not the only, perhaps not the chief, factor in good talk; it is the prime element in monologue, but not in real talk. On his death-bed Sidney Smith predicted that Macaulay would be sorry that he had never heard him talk. Macaulay rarely heard anybody talk; he kept the field for himself. His monologue was often interesting, though it was such a monopoly that Smith once described the author of the brilliant essays as the greatest engine of social oppression in England. But, however interesting monologue may be, it is not talk; for talk involves mutuality of thought, the flowing together of streams of diverse experience, the play of mind upon mind. It is as much a matter of atmosphere, of intellectual hospitality, of the courtesy which by inspiring attention sets a group of minds at ease, frees them from self-consciousness, and gets into the common store the best that is in them. Under the roof of Craigie House there were doubtless more brilliant talkers than the Longfellows, but none who contributed more to the talk.

In real talk, as Mr. Norton suggests, it is the vital logic of the whole, its intimate coherence, so to speak, its transmutation of shining threads into the diffused glow of the texture, that makes it impossible to play the eavesdropper even with the best heart in the

[1] Letters of Charles Eliot Norton. By his daughter, Sara Norton, and M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Houghton Mifflin Company. 2 vols. Illustrated.

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world. The talk of the egotist is easily passed on and, although never the "real thing," is often amusing. Dion Boucicault, the irresistible Irish actor, was talking and Longfellow, Appleton, Curtis, Lowell, and Norton were listening. "He informed us," writes the last, "'that the novel was the episode of the drama, and the drama the episode of the novel,' that England has no drama, that the Anglo-Saxon mind had never produced a good play. 'Not even Shakespeare?' queried Lowell, who grew indignant. 'No, sir,' replied the undaunted Dion; 'not one of his plays but is beneath contempt as regards its form, and in form the merit of a drama for the stage always lies.' Lowell asked no more questions. 'I,' said Boucicault, 'have in the last twelve years written 105 dramas, 17 of them in 5 acts—and all have been on the stage!'" On the principle that it takes an Irishman to catch an Irishman, it is Mr. George Bernard's plain duty to deal with the author of "The Shaughran."

These volumes are inexhaustibly delightful, not only as intimate literary history, but as a collection of sketches of vivid personalities taken off their guard, so to speak. Carlyle was talking about "The Ring and the Book"—"a work of great ingenuity and full of verra strikin' sentences. I met Browning, indeed, in Piccadilly the other day, and I told him I'd read his poem from the first word thereof way to the last, and he said to me, quickly, 'Well! Well?' and I replied that I thought it a book of prodigious talent and unparalleled ingenuity; but then, I suppose trusting to the sincerity of my own thoughts, I went on to say that of all the strange books produced on this distracted airth, by any of the sons of Adam, this one was altogether the strangest and the most preposterous in its construction; and where, said I, do ye think to find the eternal harmonies in it? Browning did not seem to be pleased with my speech, and he bade me good-morning." Strangely unappreciative on Browning's part!

This naïve remark of Carlyle's recalls Mrs. Carlyle's confession that she could not make out whether Sordello was a man, a city, or a book; and Lowell's comment in the "North American Review" that "it was a fine poem before the author wrote it."

To our very serious literature these volumes contribute immense human interest, and will find an important place among the books which help to humanize and civilize a people so much engrossed by the tools and machinery by which life is fashioned to see life clearly or see it whole.

Baroque Architecture. By Martin Shaw Briggs. McBride, Nast & Co., New York. $5.

Some people may wonder just why a stout volume should be published on baroque architecture. Even students of art have found that their attention has been pretty thoroughly occupied by other kinds of architecture—Greek, Romanesque, Gothic, for instance. The very name "baroque" seems to denote something that one would hardly care to bother about—that is to say, if there were other kinds of architecture to be considered. And yet one has but to remember the loveliness of a church like Santa Maria della Salute in Venice, for instance, to conclude that, after all, there is something in the baroque period worth attention. If one thinks of this Venetian church, then other Venetian buildings come to mind of the baroque period—for example, the Palazzo Pesaro and the Campanile of the Formosa. And then one's mind travels quickly to other Italian points, and of course to Rome, where there instantly arises before the mind's eye not only that well-known example of baroque the Colonnade of St. Peter's, but also such well-known churches as Santa Maria Maggiore and such well-known palaces as the Doria. And from Italy one travels in a trice across the Alps to Salzburg, Munich, Nuremberg, Prague, and Vienna, with their baroque churches and palaces; and then to Paris, with its more attractive examples; and to Spain; and then across to that translation and modification of the baroque in Mexico. Surely such a bird's-eye view makes a good beginning for a study of this period of art, and when we begin to study it with Mr. Briggs's help we find that, of all the many phases of architecture, perhaps none has suffered more from ignorance and misunderstanding than has the baroque period. Mr. Briggs is a good guide to a better understanding. His work is logical and clear in its plan, his text is reinforced by excellent illustrations, and the broad page affords a clear and restful typographical setting. Perhaps the book is a little too long for those who would gain a hasty knowledge; for them, therefore, a condensation of the text into a primer would be desirable, and we hope to see it.

Such phrases as the following might find fit place in such a primer:

Originating in Rome, the stream spread over Europe, and, sluggishly as it flowed in distant Protestant countries, it retained its characteristics everywhere. Of these one of the most notable is its artificiality. Time after time we find a baroque building expressing an idea—strength, pride, a playful conceit, a broad jest. In every case this idea is plainly indicated with the utmost self-

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consciousness. Some baroque palaces have wealth written on their stones as clearly as if in actual characters, and some churches not less so. . . .

But this ostentatious artificiality has a good side. It replaced a series of abject and expressionless copyings of antique models which demanded no higher quality than that of a drudging patience. Better far the colossal mistakes of the pioneers than the petty rectitude of the pedants.

Education of Karl Witte (The). Edited by H. Addington Bruce. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $1.50.

Mr. Bruce has told The Outlook's readers in more than one article about the remarkable early training of Karl Witte, who knew six languages when he was nine years old. Witte's after life (he died at eighty-three) was an intellectual confirmation of his father's theory of education. In his Introduction to the present book, which is a translation by Professor Wiener of the German life of Witte, by his father, American parallel cases to Karl Witte are described. There is much here to deserve study by educators.

Political and Literary Essays, 1908-1913. By the Earl of Cromer. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.25.

Lord Cromer's popular reputation as an English statesman is not equal to his genius, his achievements, or his deserts. Perhaps this is because he is a Conservative of what is now called the "old school," and at present the ultra Liberal or Radical is in the center of the stage of British politics. Lord Cromer is really the creator of modern Egypt, and his administrative and creative work in Egypt is a great contribution to modern civilization. Moreover, he has written a book about modern Egypt which for modesty, for style, for historical and philosophical ability, has not been surpassed in recent English political writing. The present volume is a collection of delightful essays which have appeared from time to time in some of the best English periodicals. The essays are political, literary, biographical, and philosophical. He has two essays on "National Songs." His account and interpretation of Disraeli is one of the best short biographical estimates that we remember to have read. His longer essays on the "Government of Subject Races" should be in the hands of every American administrator of our dependent possessions. Lord Cromer as a young man served in the army, was later in the administrative service in India, but his life-work was performed in Egypt. He is one of the last living examples of the school which combines the very best classical and literary education with great executive power and a practical skill in politics and affairs.

The Outlook has recently published a striking article criticising, if not attacking, the study of the classics. Before a final judgment is passed upon this burning question the debater will do well to read what Lord Cromer has to say in the present volume on "The Future of the Classics." Where can the defender of classical education find better advocacy than this: "Our young men and women will be, both morally and intellectually, the poorer if they listen to the insidious and deceptive voice of an exaggerated materialism which whispers that, amidst the hum of modern machinery and the heated wrangles incident to the perplexing problems which arise as the world grows older, the knowledge of a language and a literature which have survived two thousand eight hundred storm-tossed years is 'of no practical use'"?

Luther's Correspondence and Other Contemporary Letters. Translated and edited by Preserved Smith, Ph.D. Volume I, 1507-1521. The Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia.

This is a valuable source-book of the history of the great revolutionary movement of which Luther was the protagonist. Besides his own letters, there are many others in which popes and emperors, princes of the Church and State, the chief reformers, the Catholic champions, Dürer, the artist, von Hutten, the knight and popular writer, Erasmus, and others chronicle the phases and incidents of the unfolding crisis. The period thus covered extends from Luther's ordination to the priesthood in 1507 to his hearing before the Emperor at Worms, which ended in his condemnation. This is described in the last of his letters in the present volume, dated May 3, 1521. On the following day he was carried to safety in his protector's castle at Wartburg. The notes supplied by the scholarly editor are a helpful accompaniment to the text.

Green Seal (The). By Charles E. Walk. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.35.

A clever mystery story with no literary quality. A death-dealing ancient Chinese ring, an enormous diamond, a girl whose parentage is strangely hidden and strangely revealed, villains and detectives galore, are all duly entangled and disentangled with ingenuity and a sort of pseudo-possibility that convinces if only for a minute.

Roman Imperialism. By Tenney Frank. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Professor Ferrero's brilliant work, "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," read a serious lesson to America as well as to Europe. Our "anti-imperialist" fellow-citizens will perhaps see the like in Professor Frank's remarkable volume, though only the reader who looks for it is likely to find it, if indeed it be there.

The distinctive and pervading purpose of this new reading of Roman history is to correct the prevailing belief that the policy of Rome toward the states which she successively brought under her dominion was motived by ambition for empire. Such finally it became, but not until just before the downfall of the Republic in the time of Pompey and Cæsar. Cæsar is pronounced "the first candid imperialist," and his Gallic War the clearest case of deliberately intended expan-

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sion in the entire history of the Republic. Roman power was indeed expanding continually, but in self-defense rather than by aggression, often "hauling down the flag," and endeavoring to keep on friendly terms with her neighbors with a fair degree of fidelity to a religious law which forbade aggressive war.

Professor Frank's argument is directed against European writers who assume that Roman expansion was impelled by the same ambition as that of European nations, and who impute the same to us. He shows conclusively that commercialism had no state encouragement while the Republic stood. Carthage was not destroyed as a commercial rival, but as "a perpetual menace" to Roman peace. Professor Frank's analysis of the influences that impelled to territorial expansion searches all the now available sources of history, including the statistics of trade, the investments of capital, the census data, and monumental inscriptions. The story concludes at the accession of the Emperor Hadrian, A.D. 117, when the history of Roman expansion ended in "a policy of seclusion and defense." Some of his chapter titles—"Sentimental Politics," "Reaction toward Practical Politics," "The Foreign Policy of a Socialistic Democracy," "Pompey's Army in the Service of Capitalists"—are suggestive of the fresh interest he has given to an oft-told tale. Both in its text and in the critical notes appended to each chapter this is an admirable specimen of thorough scholarly work.

Can We Be Christians? By Rudolf Eucken. Translated by Lucy Judge Gibson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

The "we" here addressed are men of liberal culture and scientific temper, to whom Professor Eucken speaks as one of them who has solved the question for himself affirmatively, and deems it a duty to testify of "the attitude toward Christianity" that can and ought to be taken. By Christianity he means "the religion of the spirit" exemplified and inculcated by Jesus, *plus* the theological doctrine of the God-Man, with its corollaries of the Trinity, the virgin birth, etc. Apart from these accretions, the facts and claims of Christianity lie "within the sphere of human experience."

This is the ground on which Eucken contends that we can, and should, be Christians, representing what he calls "a new Christianity." This, however, is simply Jesus' religion of the spirit, realizing "a renewal of life pre-eminently spiritual in kind . . . a religion of redemption," essentially ethical and active. But this great renaissance Eucken thinks impossible to expect from either Catholicism or Protestantism. The State-Churchism of his environment seems to have influenced this conclusion. In America a new Protestantism seems to be beginning to meet the one condition on which he holds that we can still be Christians—"that Christianity be recognized as a progressive historical movement still in the making; that it be shaken free from the numbing influence of ecclesiasticism, and placed upon a broader foundation."

Influence of the Bible on Civilisation (The). By Ernst von Dobschütz. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.

Can modern civilization and Christianity go on in harmony? Dr. von Dobschütz, while serving a term as the German exchange professor at Harvard, puts this question, and answers it affirmatively in this brief and brilliant historical sketch.

That the Bible till the last century led the advance of civilization in morals, literature, art, and government is shown by a profusion of facts, some of them correcting common errors, and others of rare interest in large variety. That modern knowledge has withdrawn authority from the Bible to such an extent that it has ceased to be a text-book for any science, and even for the science of theology, though in this it is still of indispensable service, is frankly admitted. That it is now restricted to religion as its original and proper domain is viewed as not a loss but a gain. "The influence of the Bible on civilization still continues, and it will grow greater the more the Bible is used in the proper way, as an influence not on outward form but in inward inspiration." The volume is finely illustrated, and is as entertaining as instructive.

Cambridge Medieval History (The). Planned by J. B. Bury. Vol. I, The Christian Roman Empire and the Foundation of the Teutonic Kingdom. Vol. II, The Rise of the Saracens and the Foundation of the Western Empire. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5 per volume.

Modeled closely on the "Cambridge Modern History," the first two volumes of this monumental survey of the Middle Ages hold every promise that when completed it will be as valuable as the earlier work. By some it may be thought that there is an over-emphasis on ecclesiastical matters; but, after all, the history of the vicissitudes and expansion of the Christian Church and of the rise of the rival system of Islam is the distinctive feature of the period under review. As in the case of the "Cambridge Modern History," little effort is made at literary charm of presentation, the great aim being accuracy and fullness; consequently there is much overlapping, and altogether too much in the way of names and dates to permit the work to appeal successfully to any wide audience of "general readers." There are, to be sure, some excellent pieces of portraiture in it—notably of Constantine, Diocletian, Valentinian, Justinian, and Justinian's wonderful wife, the actress-empress Theodora. Also there are certain special studies—such as Professor Peisker's account of the Asiatic Background and the Coming of the Nomads, Butler's chapter on Monasticism, Professor Lethaby's brief study of early Christian art, and Professor Vinogradoff's chapters on social and economic condi-

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tions—that make a distinct appeal to others besides the professional student of history. However, it is primarily as a work of reference for the student that this history is manifestly planned; and with its authoritative writers, its extensive bibliographies, and its excellent maps, it will surely go far towards meeting a need that all workers in the field of mediæval history have long appreciated.

Introduction to the History of Religions. By Crawford Howell Toy. (Handbooks on the History of Religion.) Ginn & Co., Boston. $3.

The larger part of this volume explores the lower strata of religious history, the infantile period of religious development. This is exhibited in a vast abundance of details concerning its ceremonies, cults, totemism, taboo, gods, and myths—the principal customs and ideas underlying all public religion.

The vestiges of pre-human life found in our physical structure have interesting parallels in the instances here given of the persistence in modern civilization of the crude beliefs and customs of primitive tribes. Since the history of religion is a part of the history of thought, and thought naturally turned first to natural phenomena, science is held to be coeval with religion. Religion must be regarded as an emotional influence natural to human life, but scientific theories are no part of its content, and this is favorable to its development.

Dr. Toy finds the sense of the infinite which was developed by philosophy germinally existing in primitive man's idea of being somehow related to "a great extra-human Something." Man being a social animal, religion is naturally social, and its external history is a history of social growth in close parallel. Dr. Toy rejects the classification of religions as ethical and non-ethical, since every deity, even of cannibals, has reflected the moral ideas of his worshipers.

In treating of the theistic and social development of religion in its higher forms Dr. Toy shows the inseparableness of religion and morality as joint factors in the spiritual development of man. But, though we may look forward to a time when the world shall have come to a substantial unity of religious thought, he deems it impossible, in view of the changes now going on, to predict what the nature of that thought shall be. An outstanding feature of this instructive work is its attitude of detachment from every interest but that of an investigator as impartial as a visitor from Mars.

Hungary's Fight for National Existence. By Ladislas Baron Hengelmüller. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.75.

Baron Hengelmüller, late Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Washington, has published an interesting historical monograph on Hungary's fight for national existence. The work comprises an account of the uprising of 1703–1711. From it we learn in detail just what really took place in this strenuous effort, and the author prepares us for his account by a long and welcome introduction chronicling seventeenth-century history as it affected Hungary. The present volume gives the history of the movement up to the year 1706; a second volume will conclude the account.

Baron Hengelmüller's work has the advantage, especially to English and American readers, of two prefaces. The first is by Viscount Bryce, who asserts that Hungary's resistance to the "absolutistic and leveling Habsburg policy" gave to national sentiment an impulse never thereafter lost. "Passionate under Kossuth in the revolution of 1848–9, that sentiment gave a firm and steady support to Francis Deák in the long constitutional struggle which began in 1861, and which he guided to victory in 1867." The second preface is by Mr. Roosevelt, who shows that Hungary's fight of 1703 won for the nation a political recognition of vital consequence to it. Mr. Roosevelt adds: "All wise and far-seeing men earnestly hope for the continuation of the Dual Empire, the Empire-Kingdom in which the same man is Emperor of Austria and Apostolic King of Hungary. All need for bitterness between Hungary and Austria has passed, and the bitterness will surely vanish if the statesmen and people of the two nations will but work together in a spirit of mutual respect and hearty good will one to the other."

North Africa and the Desert. By George E. Woodberry. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Anything from Mr. Woodberry's pen deserves attention because of his compelling charm of style—a style which adorns whatever comes before it. His present volume has as a sub-title "Scenes and Moods," and the sub-title is well in place, for, as may be expected, this is not the usual book of travel on North Africa. The expectant or reminiscent tourist may turn to some particular chapter, such as that on "Tunisian Days" or "Tripoli," in the search for some particular practical bit of information. He will doubtless turn page after page without finding that for which he seeks. Yet he will find himself in possession of something else of possibly equal value, namely, a greater power to appreciate the atmospheric and the poetic.

Euripides and His Age. By Gilbert Murray, LL.D., D.Litt. (The Home University Library of Modern Knowledge.) Henry Holt & Co., New York. 50c.

Anything from the pen of the Professor of Greek at Oxford should attract the attention of scholars. What Dr. Gilbert Murray has to say in the present volume should attract the attention of the general reader also. The book is both authoritative and interesting—especially interesting when we consider that the work of Euripides is not only of great significance in the history of literature, but that he had a singularly curious and ironic history.

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BY THE WAY

The editor of the Cambridge "Shakespeare," William Aldis Wright, died in London recently. Mr. Wright was one of the most distinguished of English scholars and philologists. He served as secretary to the Old Testament Revision Committee.

A lecturer, one torrential night, addressed an audience which might have been much larger without taxing the seating capacity of the hall. Naturally he was willing to curtail his address, and, having reached what he considered the psychological moment, said, "I am afraid I've kept you too long." Whereupon a voice replied, "Go on, it's still raining."

A census of all the birds of the United States is to be taken this summer, and the United States Department of Agriculture is inviting bird-lovers throughout the country to co-operate in taking it. The object is to determine how many pairs of birds of each species breed within definite areas. By comparing these figures with those of subsequent censuses it will be possible to ascertain whether the present State and Federal laws are effective and game and insectivorous birds increasing or diminishing in numbers. As a beginning the Department has asked about two hundred and fifty correspondents throughout the country who have previously rendered valuable service to follow a general outline in supplying information. Any one wishing to aid in this good work is cordially invited to send inquiries or information to the Department.

A certain rich man did not approve of foreign missions. One Sunday at church, when the collection was being taken up, the collector approached the millionaire and held out the collection bag. The millionaire shook his head "I never give to missions," he whispered. "Then take something out of the bag, sir," whispered the collector. "The money is for the heathen."

An Italian newspaper correspondent says that two younger sisters of Pope Pius X are living in a humble apartment close to the Vatican. Despite the exalted position of their brother, they remain as simple and unpretending as in early days. Like most women of their class, they never wear hats. When going to church, they drape a piece of lace over their heads. Although unable to read or write, they are extremely shrewd and full of good common sense.

The first short courses for editors offered by an American university were in session May 11 to 14 at the University of Kansas. Two hundred and fifty editors from all parts of Kansas closed their offices and traveled down to the University to study news writing, advertising, newspaper costs, and efficiency methods in the class-rooms. A National Newspaper Conference was also held. Professor Merle Thorpe, head of the Department of Journalism, directed the short course and conference sessions.

Four years ago, says an exchange, a Russian company undertook to establish a permanent fishing colony in Nova Zembla, and transported thither about one hundred persons—fishermen and their families—from Archangel. The colony flourished for a time and increased in numbers. It was visited at irregular intervals by vessels of the company, which supplied the settlers with provisions and took cargoes of fish back to Russia. Last year, however, the winter set in earlier than usual and was very severe, so that vessels were prevented by the ice from carrying supplies to the fisherman. A scientific expedition which visited Nova Zembla last summer made the shocking discovery that the whole colony had perished of hunger.

Referring to the recent statement in By the Way that the estate of the late D. O. Mills included many worthless securities, "Casual Reader" suggests that many of Mr. Mills's valueless securities represent money put into the enterprises of young inventors and investigators, and into clubs, etc., from which no return was ever expected.

Can the gyroscope idea be applied to automobiles? In London Dr. Schidowsky has made a gyroscopic motor car that on public trial went along on two wheels in tandem as steadily as other cars go on four. The stabilization was really effected; but one notices, remarks the New York "Times," that the new machine cost more to make than the most expensive of ordinary automobiles, that it was extremely heavy, and that it couldn't be run over four miles an hour. Possibly, however, these objections may be overcome by new inventions.

Although wireless apparatus was not fully developed until 1909, it is estimated that over five thousand lives have been saved by its use.

In a little inn near Chichester, in England, there is a room papered with postage stamps. One who saw it says: "Ceiling, walls, doors, chairs, tables, picture-frames, every part of the room except the floor, are thickly covered, while from the ceiling hang long festoons and ropes made of bundles of stamps for which there was no other place. There are fully two million stamps pasted up, and a million more in these festoons, while great bundles, one of which holds sixty thousand stamps, hang among the heavy loops. . . . The pictures inside the stamp-covered frames are of stamps themselves; the ceiling is ornamented with a great star; the arms of the neighboring town of Bognor are over the fireplace, and the tablecloth shows the Eiffel Tower! Queen Victoria is surprisingly lifelike in carefully chosen stamps of different colors."

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